

THE BOONDOCK SAINTS

An original motion picture screenplay by

TROY DUFFY

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Registered WGAw
Troy Duffy

1 INT. GOTHIC CHURCH - 10:00 A.M. - ST. PATRICK'S DAY
DOWNTOWN BOSTON

As we open we see the inside of an enormous church. A young looking PRIEST in his mid-thirties is finishing the delivery of the Lord's Prayer. In the back of the church, in the last pew, there are two who kneel on the cold, stone floor.

They do not stand to sing, nor do they offer signs of peace when told, but they pray. They grip and rub their rosaries. They mutter their words in Latin.

CONNOR and MURPHY MacMANUS (mid-twenties) are shrouded in thick waist length navy P-coats, worn leather boots and the hungry clothes of the poor. The boys heads are shaved and they have facial hair.

MONSIGNOR

(dismissing young priest)

Thank you Father Macklepenny, for coming all the way across town to be our guest speaker today. I hope you found our little parish to your liking.

Macklepenny takes his seat on the alter along side the regular priests of the church. The MacManus brothers suddenly stand, as all others remain seated. Each church goer between them and the aisle shifts his/her position to allow the boys passage, as if on command. The two turn and begin to stride for the alter, eyes down, determined.

ANNABELLE MACMANUS (V.O.)

(thick Irish accent)

They've never been like anyone else.
From the moment they were born, of
the same womb, on the same day, they
just had their own way, my boys did.
And I always knew that one day they
would do something of true greatness.
I just never expected they would
bring about such a ...such a reckoning.

The MacManus brothers are fraternal twins. As Annabelle MacManus speaks, Macklepenny is taken aback as he scans the congregation amazed to find that he is the only one who thinks this out of the ordinary.

(CONTINUED)

The monsignor begins his sermon. Macklepenny rises to stop the boys from this disgraceful disturbance.

The elder clergyman finds Macklepenny's arm, keeping him seated while shaking his head. Macklepenny's confusion gives way to awe as he watches the brothers step onto the altar, brush by the six seated priests, and approach the enormous crucifix.

They both fall to their knees and kiss the feet of Christ. They rise and as abruptly as they came, they turn and head back down the aisle for the front door. They stop at the rear of the church, turning to listen to the sermon.

MONSIGNOR

(Loud, Authoritative)

...and I am reminded of this holy day of the sad story of Kitty Geneviese. This poor soul cried out time and time again for help but no person answered her calls. Though many saw, not one so much as called. Her assailant wiped the bloody knife off on her lifeless little body. They watched as he simply walked away. Nobody wanted to get involved. Nobody wanted to take a stand...We must fear evil men and deal with them accordingly but what we must truly guard against, what we must fear most (beat) is the indifference of good men.

The MacManuses turn and walk out the door.

2. EXT. CHURCH STEPS - SUNNY MORNING

The boys put on their dark glasses and pause at the top of the steps to light up their cigarettes. They both roll their cigarette butts along their tongues and screw them into their lips. In this unique way they light up, seemingly oblivious to their synchronicity and mimic.

CONNOR

(Irish Accent)

I do believe the Monsignor finally got a point.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

MURPHY
(Irish Accent)

Aye.

They leave.

3 INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT - 4:00 P.M. - SAME DAY

Murphy, wearing a white blood soaked smock and apron stands around the corner of the entrance to the loading dock. He grips a gigantic, bloody slab of meat and smirks. Connor flips his cigarette out the loading dock and passes his brother's hiding place. He notices the workers have stopped, and are looking at him.

CONNOR

What?

Murphy slaps Connor square in the face with the bloody slab. Connor's face is caked with blood as he stands stunned. He then leaps on Murphy, sending him into a pile of nearby hamburger. He grabs a large cow tongue from a nearby heap and begins slapping Murphy in the face with it as they both laugh and the workers cheer.

Their boss, McGERKIN approaches with a very large woman. Her head is clean-shaven. The two are still laughing, out of breath, they turn.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

MCGERKIN

Boys this is Rose, Baum, Gurtle...
Gurtle.

ROZ

Rozengurtle Baumgartner.

MCGERKIN

You'll be training her today, and do
a good job.

BOTH BOYS

Aye.

CONNOR

(Wipes hand and extends it)
Pleased ta meet ya Rozie.

She points to a tattoo on her neck that reads untouched by
man.

ROZ

I prefer to be called Rozengurtle by
men.

CONNOR

(taken aback)
Okay then...let's get ya started.

Connor exits with Roz.

MURPHY

Christ, that's the largest woman
I've ever seen.

MCGERKIN

It's self-imposed affirmative action.
If we hire big, fat, angry lesbians,
then the leftist groups representing
big, fat angry lesbians, won't think
we're violating their rights.

MURPHY

Well, how politically correct you
are. That's good stuff.

MCGERKIN

Hey, those people can shut ya down.
They'll sue you into the ground
claiming they were put under mental
duress, inner pain. and sufferin'.

MURPHY

Well, as long as we're hirin' fat
lesbians, give your ma a call.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

Murphy laughs as he jogs away.

MCGERKIN

Fuck you Murphy.

4 INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT - CUT STATION - SAME DAY

Rozengurtle and Connor stand in front of a bunch of co-workers who are cutting meat as it goes by on assembly.

CONNOR

Okay, just cut off as much fat as you can as it goes by and the rule of thumb here is...

ROZ

Rule of thumb?

CONNOR

(Questioningly)

Yeah?

ROZ

Do you know where that term comes from? In the early 1900's it was legal for men to beat their wives as long as they used a stick no wider than their thumb.

Connor holds up his thumb and stares at it.

CONNOR

Can't do much damage with that. Perhaps, it shoulda been the rule of wrist. Ha!

(He elbows her)

Rule of wrist.

She returns an icy stare. He hands her the knife. The co-workers all seem wary of Roz.

Murphy stands on one side of Roz, Connor on the other, surrounded by a tight group of workers. Everyone is within ear shot of one another, cutting meat as it goes by. Knowing glances are shared by everyone. It is an uncomfortable mood.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Hey Murphy?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

MURPHY

Aye.

CONNOR

(Slight smirk)

How many feminists does it take to
screw in a light bulb?

MURPHY

How many?

CONNOR

Two. One ta screw it in and one ta
suck my cock.

Everyone burst out laughing. Rozengurtle jabs a knife in a
piece of meat and turns to Connor. She pushes him and starts
walking toward him. He starts backing up, laughing.

ROZ

(Angry)

I knew you two pricks would give me
problems. Give me shit cause I'm a
woman. I'm not gonna take your male
dominance bullshit!

CONNOR

(trying to calm her.
but still chuckling)

Oh, come on now Rozengurtle. I was
just tryin' ta get a rise outta ya.

MURPHY

Yeah. Just tryin' ta break the ice
is all.

ROZ

(to Murphy)

Fuck you...

(to Connor)

...and fuck you!

MURPHY

Oh, come on its St. Patty's Day.
It's all in good fun.

Employees gather around all the excitement.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

ROZ (V.O.)
Baumgartner sound Irish to you, fuck
face?

CONNOR
Now look Rozengurtle, we're sorry.
Just relax.

She reaches back and punches Connor full force in the face.
He takes the hit very well. He stops backing up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Why don't you save all your aggression
for protests and marches and what
not.

She suddenly drives her boot into his crotch, sending him to
the floor reeling with pain. Two female co-workers leap to
his aid.

ROZ
You fuckin' slaves. Kowtowing to
the needs of men! Get up! Get the
fuck up! Leave him there.

Rozengurtle begins to turn, raising her fist to Murphy.
Murphy winds up and punches her square in the face. She
lands on her back. The on-lookers are stunned as he walks
over and stands above her.

MURPHY
Guess you'll have ta change that
tattoo now, won't ya Rozie!?

5 OMITTED

6 INT. HALLWAY - MACMANUS' TENEMENT APT - BUILDING - DAY

The brothers get to the top of the stairs. Connor is hunched
over and moving slowly. Murphy giggles.

CONNOR
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Connor flicks his cigarette butt out the large open loading doors at the end of the hall. The red brick buildings stretch down the alley both ways. The glowing butt falls to a filthy resting place, directly next to a dented green dumpster with half the paint job scraped off.

7 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

This is a decrepit, illegal loft. The boys enter, hang their rosaries by the door and begin taking off their clothes. Connor sits naked on the couch and gently places a bag of ice on his crotch. Murphy stands naked in the open quantity shower. Murphy turns on the water and sticks his hand in the stream.

8 OMITTED

9 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY EVENING

Connor, still seated, cracks open a Guinness and sips it lovingly. The phone rings.

CONNOR

Hello.

MOM (ANNABELLE MACMANUS) (V.O.)

Connor, is that you?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

Something is obviously wrong in her voice.

CONNOR
(Interested)
Mother, is that you?

MOM (V.O.)
Is that worthless brother of your
there? I want you both ta hear this.

CONNOR
Ma, what's wrong?

Murphy shuts off the water.

MURPHY
No fuckin' hot water man. That...

CONNOR
Shut it. It's Ma.

Murphy sees the concern in Connor's eyes and takes a step
closer.

MOM (V.O.)
It's all your fault. Both you little
bastards. I was a fool to believe
you would bring me any peace. The
day your Da left us when you were
almost too young to remember, he
said the two of you would do me right
and make me proud, but he was wrong
and I got nothin' ta live for.

CONNOR
Mother, what are you sayin'? You're
talkin' crazy here.

Murphy is drawing closer with concern.

MURPHY
What's the matter with her?

10. INT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' HOUSE - IRELAND - NIGHT

A wrinkly female hand grabs a large revolver resting next to
a half empty bottle of Hennessey.

MOM
I finally found your Da's army
revolver, Connor.

11 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY EVENING

CONNOR

What the hell are you doin' with
Da's gun!?

MURPHY (WIDENING EYES)

What the...?

MOM (V.O)

I got it ta my head now.

CONNOR

What?! What are you doin'?

MOM (V.O)

I want ta tell ya one last thing
before I pull the trigger.

CONNOR

(Screaming)

Pull the trigger?! Have ya lost it
woman?! Now just calm down here.

MURPHY

(Eyes Widen)

Oh my god!

MOM (V.O)

I...

CONNOR

No ma! No!

MOM (V.O)

BLAME...

CONNOR & MURPHY

Oh Jesus, No! No! Oh God! No Ma!

MOM (V.O)

YOU...!

Connor and Murphy are both screaming in panic.

12 EXT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' BACK STOOP - NIGHT

Mom stands on the back stoop holding the door ajar with her hip. She holds the phone receiver up in her left hand and the gun directly next to it, in her right. She squeezes off a loud shot toward the heavens.

13 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY EVENING

As soon as the deafening sound pierces through the receiver, Connor instinctively jumps up to a standing position. The bag of ice bursts as it hits the floor and spreads across it. He throws the receiver and covers his ears with both hands.

The phone then falls to the ground, skipping through the cubes as the boys dive for it screaming. The two naked, hysterical boys fumble for the phone, flailing on their stomachs in the field of ice. They finally catch it and both put their ears to the receiver in panic. As they scream MA intermittently, the pauses get longer and longer.

14 INT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mom's got her hand covering her mouth, face red from holding back laughter, as she walks back into the house. She can take it no longer and she bursts out with hearty guffaws.

15 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The boys are relieved, but angry.

CONNOR

(Grabs his balls,
rolls over)

Aaaww, shit!... evil woman!

MURPHY

Lord have mercy. That was a good
one ma.

MOM (V.O.)

Oh, Jesus! No ma! Christ ma!
No!

Murphy holds the receiver in the air. Mom's still laughing.

MURPHY

(to Connor)

Oh, she's quite proud of herself.

MOM

Okay, seriously, both you listen ta
me now.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

They both put an ear to the phone.

CONNOR

All right, we're both here.

Mom pauses and cackles endlessly once again.

MOM

(Finally)

It's only 11:00 here boys so I got
lot's more drinkin' ta do with your
worthless relatives down at the Anvil.

MURPHY

Just called ta torture us did ya?

CONNOR

How's Uncle Sibeal?

MOM

Well, you know how it is with him.
Always complainin' he's never turnin'
a profit on St. Patty's. Whole damn
family goes down there with no money,
cause we know he can't bear ta charge
us.

They all laugh.

MOM (CONT'D)

But he's been havin' himself a nip
or two as well... Been up the waitress'
skirt all night, poor girl.

MURPHY

Well you tell him ta take it easy
with that. He's gotta learn ta
respect women the way Connor does.

CONNOR

Oh, Jesus.

MURPHY

I gave him his first lesson in
sensitivity toward the fairer sex
just today.

CONNOR

Don't even do it, ya bastard.

MURPHY

He got beat up by a girl (laughs)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR

If that was a girl I want ta see
some papers. She had ta be just
preoperative for Christ sakes.

MOM

(dogmatically)
Lord's name.

BOTH

(genuflecting,
impassionate)
Mother Mary, full of grace.

MOM

What did you do, Connor?

CONNOR

Well, we tried ta make friends and
she gave me a shot ta the nuts.

MOM

(Aghast)
What...the dirty bitch! I hope ya
trounced her a good one!

CONNOR

Well, I didn't but...

MURPHY

(Shaking his fist)
Don't worry, I respected the hell
out of her for ya, Ma.

Mom laughs.

MOM

Well listen, I know how my boys take
ta scrappin' when they take ta
drinkin'.

BOTH

(Semi-condescending)
Yes mother.

MOM

(light-hearted anger)
I mean it now. I carried the two of
you little bastards around in my
belly at the same time you ungrateful
pissants.

(MORE)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

MOM (CONT'D)

Ya ruined my girlish figure in one
fell swoop, and then ya sucked me
dry.

(Grabbing her breast)

My tits are saggin' down ta my ankles.
I trip over em for Christ sakes, now
ya listen ta me, NO FIGHTEN!

The boys laugh.

MOM (CONT'D)

Promise me boys.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

MURPHY

We promise.

CONNOR

Yeah, we promise.

MOM

Well, there's my boys.

(Pulls back curtain,
looks out window)Shit. I gotta go. Looks like I
caused a ruckus with that shot.
Half the damn neighborhood is comin'.

MURPHY

All right, love ya ma. Listen, before
ya go just give us the goods, eh?

CONNOR

Yeah. It's been twenty-seven years.

MOM

Still bickerin' over that, huh?

CONNOR

Come on, ma. Out with it. Who came
out first?

MOM

All right, I suppose you have the
right ta know.

The boys stand shoulder to shoulder, naked. They peer into the distance, ears to the phone, awaiting this most important information.

MOM (CONT'D)

Are ya ready?

BOTH

Aye.

Slight pause as mom slams a shot of Hennessey.

MOM (YELLS)

The one with the biggest cock!

Mom slams down the phone and lets out a throaty laugh. The boys sign angrily. Connor walks over and hangs up the phone.

CONNOR

Crazy woman.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

When he turns, he notices Murphy is fixated on his brothers crotch. A triumphant smile spreads across his face.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Don't start. I've had ice on mine.

16 EXT. AN ALLEY - MORNING

PAUL SMECKER, F.B.I. agent, is lead by the Boston Chief of Police through a jungle of ravenous reporters, police lines and uniformed officers. He is impeccably dressed in a deep red suit. He is smiling, confident as he walks. He is a very good-looking, slender man.

He looks intently, for a moment, at four uniformed officers. They approach two dead bodies, laying next to a dented green dumpster with half the paint job scraped off.

One man, IVAN CHECKOV, lays on his stomach, closer to the dumpster than the other. The ass of his pants has been burnt out and a large cotton bandage is in its place.

The other, VLADDY, has a blood soaked bandage around his head and is on his stomach as well. There are hundreds of pieces of porcelain of various sizes everywhere. Three plain-clothed homicide detectives, DUFFY, DOLLY and GREENLY hover close to the bodies. Dolly and Duffy listen to GREENLY, an obvious rookie, give his over-confident theory of what took place.

The chief is about to interrupt them, but Smecker holds him back with a smile. The two wait and watch in a position, where the unsuspecting detectives have their backs to them.

GREENLY
(Thick Boston Accent)
... so these guys are just kickin'
the shit out of each other. This
guy (points to Vladdy) picks up an
old kitchen sink that some one threw
out and crushes this guy (Checkov)
with it. All right, so it makes a
big bang and alerts their friend,
who's standin' look out around the
corner. So he comes over and gets
into it with this guy, (Vladdy).
He's angry at him, right?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

GREENLY (CONT'D)

They get into an altercation in which the look out guy crushes this guy by jumpin on him. And look at the damage here (Vladdy). I mean this guy's fuckin' hamburger man. His spine is crushed. He's all twisted and shit. That guy had to be one big mother fucker. Huge, 3-400 pounds, fuckin huge.

Smecker listens. The Chief is embarrassed.

GREELY (CONT'D)

Or, okay. Check this out. Say these two don't even know the huge guy. They're just staggerin' home from a bar this morning, still all fucked up from St. Patty's last night. So they figure they'll take a short cut down the alley and this big mother fucker, he's just waitin'. And what could be more perfect for strong arm robbery? Two drunk guys all bandaged up. They're already injured for Christ sakes. He takes a blunt object and whacks the guy with the bandage on his head, right? Cause he's smart. He knows the guy with the bandage on his ass, he ain't going nowhere. Matter of fact, this guy's probably helping his friend with the rectal problem along. They're limping around like a couple of decrepit old broads. So once this guy's out of the picture (denotes Vladdy) this poor asshole, he tries to run. But look how far he gets fore the huge bastard catches up with him. Only a few yards. And what does he do? He gets creative. He picks up a sink and crushes the poor mother-fucker. Then, he ain't done yet. He comes over here, jumps on this guy's back and crushes him on death (Vladdy). He steals their shit and beats it! Thanks for comin' out!

(Beat)

And look at this print...

Greenly points out a large foot print on Vladdy's back. Some detectives nod in agreement. Smecker chuckles as he shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED (3)

GREENLY (CONT'D)

That's one big fuckin' shoe!...and think about it. Of all the ways to kill a guy, crushin' him to death. That's very particular. You don't get many of those. I dunno. I feel something big here. I wouldn't be surprised if we see more of these turning up.

SMECKER

(Stepping into the open)

Brilliant. So now we got a Huge guy theory and Serial crusher theory. Top fucking notch.
(To Greenly)
What's your name?

GREENLY

Detective Greenly. Who the fuck are you?

Smecker saunters up to Greely and pulls his I.D. out of the breast pocket of his sport coat and lets it hang. The large, light blue letters, F.B.I. can be easily seen.

SMECKER

That's who the fuck I am.

All the detectives seem disgruntled and look to the Chief for an explanation.

CHIEF

Listen, I gotta go by the numbers on this one. I.D. just came back on these guys. They've got connections to the Russian mob. That makes it a federal matter and Agent Smecker, here, is heading up the investigation with our full cooperation.

SMECKER

(Transfixed on Greely)
Why don't you get me a cup of coffee.

GREENLY

What the fuck?

SMECKER

Café latte.

(CONTINUED)

GREENLY

Who the...

SMECKER

Twist of lemon!

GREENLY

(To Chief)

Chief, what the fuck is this?

SMECKER

Sweet-n-low!

Greenly looks helplessly to the Chief, who simply nods. He storms off the scene, upset. Smecker turns his back on everyone and puts earphones in. He reaches down and hits play. The choir song "Agnus dei" overtakes. He begins to investigate. He kneels at the bodies for a moment then stares at the opposite brick wall. He picks up a piece of porcelain and scrapes it with his thumb.

He quickly cocks his head toward the sky and begins to chuckle as he says Jesus Christ, under his breath. He brushes some paraffin on each of the dead men's hands. Duffy and Dolly watch defiantly. They start to smile at one another as they collectively realize his homosexuality. He is slightly effeminate but not overly fey.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Mitchell, Langley!

Two uniformed officers approach.

MITCHELL

Yes sir.

SMECKER

Find the manager of this building. See if he has had any complaints of water coming down in any apartments, starting just this morning. If he's not there, knock on every door starting from the third floor up. Langley, you take this building, same thing.

Mitchell and Langley exit.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Chaffey, Newman.

Two more uniforms approach.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFEY

Yes sir.

SMECKER

(To Chaffey)

Look in the trash around their hands. See if you can find me two bullet casings. 45's, if my eye serves me right. Don't disturb them. Mark them as they lay. Newman, root through this shit. (points to the mountain of garbage) If this was a sink find me some metal parts. Gimme a faucet or a drain cover or something.

The two begin their tasks. Chaffey finds a casing near Checkov's hand, hidden under the edge of the pile.

CHAFFEY

Got it. It's a 45.

The homicide detectives are surprised as Chaffey looks for the second shell. Smecker lights up a smoke.

SMECKER

Chief, could you get ballistics down here and tell them they have to dig a 45 slug out of a brick wall.

He points to a bullet hole in the opposing and tattered wall.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

... and locate another that's been fired through a dumpster.

He points to another bullet hole at the dumpster's base.

CHIEF

I got the best ballistics guy in the world. He's mobile. Got all his stuff right in the van. Can have him down here in 10 minutes.

DOLLY

How did you know that?

SMECKER

Paraffin came up positive. And bullet holes are usually a big clue.

CHAFFEY

I can't find the second one, sir.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (6)

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SMECKER

Look under the body.

CHAFFEY (OBEYS)

Got it.

Smecker turns to detectives with a smirk.

SMECKER

You guy's ready for this?

They both nod.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

This was no gangland assassination. Though creative, it was way too sloppy. Something went wrong here. This has personal written all over it. Now, these men were crushed and the first natural reaction the body has to such trauma is to tense up. So now the two shots fired here were reflex rounds. These guys weren't shooting at anything, but they were just about to.

Mitchell returns.

MITCHELL

Agent Smecker,
(pointing to MacManus
building)

This is all illegal loft housing so there's no manager on the premises but I found a lady on the fourth floor said she's had water dripping down on her whole place. Started just this morning.

SMECKER

Fourth floor huh? Then we're heading to the fifth. Let's go up and see just how right I am.

17 INT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - MORNING

The detectives pile into the elevator, Smecker last. Greenly has rejoined them. Smecker sips his latte.

DUFFY

So what are you thinkin' here?

SMECKER

Really want to know?

All the detectives chant the affirmative. The doors close.

18 INT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR - FIFTH FLOOR
MORNING

As the doors open, all the detectives chorus their disbelief.

GREENLY

No way. You know how big a guy's
gotta be to do that? Fuckin' huge.

Smecker turns to Greenly in disbelief.

SMECKER

(Beat) Oooo. I might be wanting
a bagel with my coffee.

Smecker exits the elevator leaving the three silent detectives
with that thought.

GREENLY

(to Dolly)

I ain't getting him no fuckin' bagel.

The detectives exit the elevator.

19 OMITTED

20 INT. MACMANUS' DOORWAY - INSIDE APT - LOOKING OUT TO HALL -
MORNING

Smecker appears first, glancing in momentarily. The
detectives pile in behind him. They survey the situation in
total awe.

SMECKER

(To Greenly)

We'll start the ass kissing with
you.

21 EXT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - MORNING

Smecker saunters out, detectives on his heels.

MITCHELL

(Approaches Smecker)

Agent Smecker. I know this
neighborhood pretty good. There's a
bar called McGinty's down the block.
It's a good bet they were there last
night.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

SMECKER

Good work, Mitchell. I'll check that out myself.

(Turns to detectives)

Duffy starts walking down the street. A REPORTER is hot on his heels.

REPORTER

Hey, Duffy. What the fuck happened here? You owe me. This is the one I want.

DUFFY

Let's go get a cup of coffee. You ain't gonna fuckin' believe this one.

Smecker is standing on the front steps in front of uniformed officers and homicide detectives.

SMECKER

I want A.P.B.'s put out. I want more uniforms on the streets. One thing's for sure, wherever these guys are they're hurting.

22 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A potent song takes our ears as The MacManus brothers sit in the E.R. They have already received care. Their faces are beaten and there are bandages and dried blood in various spots. Connor's injuries exceed Murphy's. They are both clad in only their leather boots, boxer shorts and worn out old bathrobes.

Young kids wait for medical attention, as their knife wounds bleed. Two nuns in the corner console a third, whose robes are ripped and face is beaten. A woman toward the end of the hall is so badly beaten she is unrecognizable.

As the song builds to a more harrowing chorus, a man enters. His clothes suggest he's a pimp. He is not injured. He looks around as he stands, perturbed, at the end of the hall. He reaches over and grabs the beat up woman by the hair and begins to drag her out. She is kicking and screaming from the floor, grabbing at his wrists as he hauls her away.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

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(slo-mo) The boys, instantly furious, stand and begin to go toward the action, but Connor's legs give out on him and he falls to the floor. Connor, still trying to go after the pimp, crawls towards him. Murphy helps his brother to his chair and hold him tight.

MURPHY

Okay. Just calm down. Take it easy.
He'll have his day. He'll have his
(turns) FUCKIN' DAY!

Music fades.

23 INT EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - FEW MINUTES LATER

An old Irishman enters the E.R. DOC (70 yrs.) has a serious facial twitch and is prone to blinking uncontrollably. He has a mild stutter. He also has Tourette's Syndrome and is apt to yell his two chosen swear words every now and then, first fuck! and after a slight pause, ass! He rushes up as they stand to greet him. Murphy holds Connor up.

MURPHY

Thanks for comin', Doc.

DOC

(Irish Accent, Squeaky
Voice)

J-Jesus. What the fuck happened?
Are ya b-boys all right?

CONNOR

We're alive.

DOC

An F.B.I. agent came by the bar.
He left me his c-c, he left me his c-
c, he left me this.

He hands them a card with Smecker's name on it. They survey it with interest.

DOC (CONT'D)

(Extremely Loud)

Fuck!.....Ass!

Everyone in the E.R. looks at Doc in shock. Connor and Murphy don't even avert their eyes from the card.

DOC (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

CONNOR

We're going to turn ourselves in.
It was self defense.

DOC

y-y-yeah that's what he said.

MURPHY

How the fuck's he know that? We
haven't spoken to anyone yet.

DOC

Don't know. He didn't say.

The boys look puzzled. Murphy helps Connor down to his seat.

MURPHY

Listen Doc, we need a favor.

DOC

A-anything.

Murphy hands Doc a partially filled garbage bag.

CONNOR

Hold this shit for us, Doc. We'll
be comin back for it when we get
out.

DOC

Right.

Doc exits, say one more "Fuck,...Ass", on the way out.

24 INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

The station is abuzz with the story. Connor and Murphy's
names are on all tongues. A legend starts. Every available
officer is in the room along with the homicide detectives.
Smecker walks right down the middle.

SMECKER

First of all, I'd like to thank
whichever one of you donut munching,
barrel-assed dip-shits leaked this
to the press.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

SMECKER (CONT'D)

That's just what we need now, some sensational story in the papers making these guys out to be super heroes, triumphing over evil. And let me squash the rumors now. These two aren't heroes.

(Rolls his eyes)

They are two ordinary men who were put in an extraordinary situation and they just happened to come out on top. Yes, nothing from our far reaching computer system has turned up jack shit on these two. All we know is what we found out from their neighbors. And the general consensus is that they're ... angels. (pause) But angels don't kill and we got two bodies in the morgue that look like they've been

Smecker looks to Greenly. Dripping with sarcasm.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

... serial crushed by a huge fuckin' guy.

Some of the cops and homicide detectives laugh and chide Greenly.

CHAFFEY

Are these me considered armed and dangerous?

SMECKER

Well, not armed. If they had guns, they'd have used them. But dangerous? Oh yeah.

MITCHELL

What makes you think they're dangerous? They were just protecting each other.

25 EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION STEPS - DAY

The two are limping up the precinct stairs. Connor is draped over Murphy who helps his brother along, they are still attired as in the E.R.

26 OMITTED

27 INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

SMECKER

Look, look! I'm not saying one way
or the other. Just be careful and
go by the protocol on this one.

CHAFFEY

Any tips on where these guys may be?

SMECKER

(To Officer Mitchell)

Any word back from the E.R.s?

MITCHELL

No help at all. Swamped from St.
Patty's. Packed with drunk, bloody
Irish.

SMECKER

Just hit the bricks nice and hard.
Grunt police work is going to bring
this one in.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

GREENLY

(Talking Loudly)

These guys are miles away by now.

The brothers quietly enter in the back of the room. All the officers are seated with their backs to them. Smecker and the brothers make eye contact. He knows who they are. They don't interrupt Greenly.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

But if you want to beat your head against a wall, then here's what you look for. These guys are scared like two little bunny rabbits. Anything in a uniform or flashing blue lights will spook them. So the only thing we can do is put a potato on a string and drag it through South Boston.

There is light chuckling from the police at this crack.

MURPHY (LOUD)

You'd probably have better luck with a beer.

Everyone turns and looks.

28 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BOSTON POLICE STATION - LATER

The boys sit in two chairs at a plain table with a recording device on it. They are very serious and alert. Mitchell enters with coffee for them. He shakes their hands and says he really respects what they did. Surprised, they thank him. Chaffey enters with donuts and a repeat performance of respect. Slowly officers start to gather around the interrogation room door.

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BOSTON POLICE STATION - DAY LATER

There are at least 20 officers and detectives packed in the tiny room. The MacManus' visit with the excited cops. All are in high spirits.

The room is loud as Smecker walks in.

SMECKER

What the fuck is this!? This isn't a fuckin' tea party. Get out! Only thing I want in here is them.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

They all file out. Smecker and the boys look each other over.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

This conversation is going to be recorded. Just answer to the best of your knowledge.

Smecker reaches for the record button. Murphy puts out his hand to stop him.

MURPHY

(Politely)

Excuse me, sir.

Murphy turns to his brother and speaks in Latin, in hushed tones. It is subtitled in English.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

"What do we tell him about the guns and money?"

CONNOR

"We just got up and left. Bum musta rolled them before the police got there."

MURPHY

(To Smecker)

Okay. We're ready.

Smecker is intrigued with this tiny display. He hits the record button.

SMECKER

You guys are not under oath, here. I am assuming you knew these two guys from before, huh?

CONNOR

We...met them last night.

SMECKER

They had some pretty interesting bandages. Know anything about that?

They look at each other.

30 FLASHBACK. INT - MCGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT - ST. PATRICK'S DAY

McGinty's's is packed to the walls with drunken Irish. A lot of faces are recognizable from Noland's Meat. Connor is in front of the bar. He and Doc are staring at each other as if waiting for one man to give in. Connor has his arms across the chests of Murphy and some friends, holding them in place. They are interested in the competition. Presently...

CONNOR

(presently, imitating
Doc's voice)

Would someone please come over here
and...

DOC

Fuck!

CONNOR

me up the ...

DOC

Ass!

Everyone falls down laughing. Doc is angry and starts throwing ice at them. DAVID DELLA ROCCO makes his way through the crowd. Rocco is thirty-two years old. He has shoulder-length, dark hair and a full beard and mustache that wrap around his big smile. He charges up to the bar and yells to Doc.

ROCCO

Hey! Fuck! Ass! Get me a beer!

This sends everyone even further into laughter. Doc throws two huge fists full of ice at him. He backs away laughing. The boys get up off the floor and have a huge group hug with Rocco as they all scream each others names.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

They all laugh and commence drinking.

31 INT. MCGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT

The bar is trashed. It's mostly empty now except for the brothers, Rocco, Doc and four friends. Everyone is very drunk, including Doc.

ROCCO

(Trying to connect
with Connor)

... It's not that I'm homophobic.
I'm just afraid of faggots.

Connor pauses then bursts out laughing. Doc calls everyone to gather round.

DOC

I got some bad news. Looks like I'm
gonna have ta close d-down the bar.
The Russians have been buying up
buildings all over town, including
this one...Fuck!...Ass! And they're
not letting me renew my lease.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

DOC (CONT'D)

I got 'til the end of the week to come up with 26,000 dollars, or they take the place. I left them a note telling them not to show their faces t-tonight. They been pressuring me ta close and take the last few days ta get all my shit outta here but it's my right to stay open ta the last.

Long pause as everyone absorbs. They are upset.

ROCCO

Let me talk to my boss, may I can ...

He is cut off by everyone who obviously opposes Mafia involvement.

DOC

L-l-listen I don't want anyone ta know until the last possible moment. So you guys keep your traps shut. ya know what they say; People in glass houses sink ships.

Everyone has quizzical looks on their faces.

ROCCO

Y'know Doc, I gotta get you a, a, like a proverb book or something. This mix and match shit's gotta go.

DOC

What?

Everyone chuckles.

CONNOR

(Imitating Doc)

A p-penny saved is worth two in the bush.

MURPHY

(Imitating Doc)

Don't c-cross the road if ya can't get out of the kitchen.

Everyone laughs heartily. Just then, three large Russians in suits enter. The obvious leader, CHECKOV, stands in front with VLADDY behind one of Checkov's shoulders, with another guy behind the other shoulder. They mean business. The laughter fades.

(CONTINUED)

CHECKOV

(Thick Russian Accent)

I am Ivan Checkov. You will be closing now.

MURPHY

(After a long pause)

This is McCoy... we find Spock and we got enough for an away team.

Everyone laughs. Ivan is angry.

CHECKOV

Oh, how extraordinary. A bunch of Irishmen ... and they are being drunken idiots. You are killing the stereotype. I'm in no mood for discussion.

(Points to Doc)

You! You stay. The rest of you go now.

DOC

Why don't you make like a tree and get the fuck outta here!

The locals roll their eyes at Docs blunder.

CONNOR

Calm down, Doc. I'm sure they're reasonable fellows.

He and Murphy each grab a Guinness and a shot of Hennessey and they approach the Russians with the peace offering.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Listen fellas, Y'know he's got 'til this week's end. Ya don't have ta be hard asses, do ya?

MURPHY

Yeah, it's St. Patty's day. Everyone's Irish tonight. Now, why don't ya pull up a stool and have a drink with us?

CHECKOV

You insult me. I would never drink that sewage. Especially with you people. You are fools.

Checkov slaps the beer to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

CHEKOV (CONT'D)

This is no game! If you won't go, we
will make you go!

The boys look at each other, remembering what Mom said.
They still hold the shots.

CONNOR

If ya want a fight, you can see you're
outnumbered. We're trying ta be
civil here, so I suggest you take
our offer.

CHEKOV

I make the offers, ass-hole.

Rocco pushes off the bar. He's had enough.

ROCCO

(standing between the
two brothers)

Hey, there Boris. What would you
say if I told you that your pinko,
commie mother sucked so much dick...

Wham! Ivan punches him in the face. He is quickly down and
out. Connor and Murphy's faces turn to stone as they speak
the next few lines in flawless fluent Russian with English
subtitles.

CONNOR

"Now, that wasn't too polite, was
it?"

MURPHY

"I'm afraid we can't let that one
go, Ivan."

Checkov is completely taken aback. All the Irish are fairly
impressed as well.

CONNOR

I don't think Ma would mind.

They clink the glasses together, throw back the Hennessey,
ball up the thick glasses in their fists, drop to one knee
and both deliver a devastating blow to each of Checkov's

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (5)

quads. Murphy on the left, Connor on the right. He's down for the count, writhing on the floor.

The boy's each take a Russian guy and start fighting as the others start kicking and spitting on Checkov. This is a bar brawl, lots of punches don't connect. Connor dismantles his man quickly. Murphy is still fighting as all the Irish try to jump in and help Murphy but Connor goes into psycho mode, pushing them all back.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Let the boy go. He knows what the fuck he's doing!

They all back off and start to cheer him on. Murphy and Vladdy are ripping each other apart. Vladdy backs him against a wall and pulls back, exhausted, for one good punch. Murphy reaches up behind his head with both hands and pulls two bottles of wine from a wall rack. He swings them toward each other with Vladdy's head as the mid-point. The bottles haphazardly connect, one on each side of his head. He crumples to the ground in an explosion of glass and wine. There is shock and silence.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Nicely done, boy!

32 INT. MCGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They have Ivan Checkov tied down to the bar on his stomach. Connor stands with an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips next to Ivan. He pours Hennessy all over Checkov's buttocks. They all cheer. Ivan's face is battered as Rocco wakes and approaches. He punches Checkov in the face in complete rage. Two friends subdue him as all chuckle.

CONNOR

Now, like my fine brother says, on St. Patty's everyone's Irish. And this piece of shit is about to be initiated.

As they cheer, Connor lights up his smoke and tosses the match on Ivan's butt.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

The Hennessey is instantly ablaze and Checkov is screaming and wiggling in horror. Some just stand there stunned, but most of the remaining onlookers leap to Ivan's aid. They furiously pat him out and turn on Connor.

FRIEND #1

Are ya tryin' ta kill him, ya fuck?

33 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Connor and Murphy, fairly beat up, sit up on their beds. They wear tattered bathrobes and boxer shorts. They put their feet down into their leather boots. The boys examine the extent of one another's injuries and reflect on their hangovers. They both laugh and grab their heads in pain. Boom! The door breaks open and in hobbles Checkov and Vladdy, guns drawn. Checkov is all beat up and the ass of his pants is burnt out. A bulky bandage covers his buttocks. Vladdy has a large bandage around his head. The boys stand in surprise.

Ivan smashes Connor in the forehead with his gun, sending blood gushing down his face as he falls to the floor. Murphy helplessly yells his brother's name as he is brought to his knees by Vladdy. Ivan positions Connor on his knees before the toilet, which is open to the room. Checkov puts his foot on Connor's head and proceeds, as he struggles, to hand cuff him to the old toilet. So now Connor is bleeding and hugging the commode with his hands cuffed behind the bowl base.

CHECKOV

(Almost Whispering)

I was going to kill you. But I'm not... I'm going to kill your brother.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

CHECKOV (CONT'D)

I'm going to take him down to the dumpster and I'm going to shoot him in the head. Then I'm going to throw his dead body in the garbage.

(Looks at this watch)

Trash guys are coming in 10 minutes, gotta go.

Checkov walks towards the door and says "let's go" to Vladdy.

MURPHY

It was just a bar fight. You guys are fuckin' pussies!

Vladdy pulls him to his feet and leads him away following Checkov.

Connor, blood running from his face, listens to absolute silence for just a moment. Suddenly his face reads the gravity of the situation. In a split second he turns into an animal. He's yelling, pulling, tugging and growling. His body is a whirlwind of motion. The skin on his wrists bleeds profusely.

34 OMITTED

35 OMITTED

36 OMITTED

37 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Vladdy and Checkov lead Murphy out back into the alley. Murphy is on his knees next to the dumpster. Checkov has his gun to the boy's head. He acts like he's going to pull the trigger, but he stops. Vladdy is standing twenty feet away with his back to them keeping a look out, gun in hand.

38 INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT. - MORNING

Connor becomes so venomous, that he pulls the entire toilet right out of the floor.

39 OMITTED

AND

40

41 INT. TO EXT - MACMANUS' TENEMENT - LOADING DOORS - MORNING

(slo-mo) Connor steps out onto the sill of the huge, open loading doors. He is five stories up. His muscles ripple with the weight of the toilet. His face is barbaric.

42 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

From his kneeling position, Murphy can see his brother perched 50 feet overhead. He does not let his face betray him.

CHECKOV

I hope your conscience is clear,
Irishman.

43 EXT. MACMANUS' TENEMENT - LOADING DOORS - MORNING

(slo-mo) Connor bends his knees and heaves the toilet upward and swings one arm directly beneath it. He is no longer tethered around the basin. He holds it at a cocked angle. The heavy porcelain tank cover slips off the toilet.

He tosses the toilet in a left and outwardly trajectory, then he jumps off the sill to the right. He is sailing through the air about twenty feet behind, and to the right of the toilet, cuffed hands above his head, robe up like a cape behind him. Murphy screams

44 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

(slo-mo) Checkov begins to laugh heartily. The tank top lands pristinely on a garbage bag just behind Murphy. Ivan's look turns to one of terror. Bam! He is crushed by the toilet. Boom! His gun goes off, punching a hole in the dumpster near the bottom. Vladdy hears the bang and crouches as he turns to see a wave of tiny porcelain bits.

Connor lands squarely on Vladdy's back. His gun discharges firing a hole in the brick of the opposing wall. He is savagely crushed against the ground. Connor bounces off and hits the wall, landing in the garbage completely unconscious. Murphy takes his hands from his head. There is dead silence.

He runs to his brother, pulls him from the trash and checks his vital signs. He seems okay. Vladdy, still alive, slowly crawls for his gun, inadvertently covering his own bullet casing. Murphy goes over, picks up the tank cover and clubs the man to death with two hard and fast blows, then throws it up and behind him. It lands in the dumpster with a resonating boom.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Murphy quickly takes everything from the scene; guns, money, wallets, watches and a pager. He shoves it in a garbage bag and throws Connor over his shoulder and runs out of the alley.

45 BACK TO PRESENT. INT - BOSTON POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Smecker stares astounded at Connor and Murphy. The boys examine Smecker for a reaction. He slowly builds to a chuckle. The brothers join in.

SMECKER

(Gathering himself)

So, how is it that you guys are fluent in Russian?

CONNOR

We paid attention in school.

SMECKER

Know any other languages?

MURPHY

Aye. Our mother insisted on it. French.

Murphy speaks flawless French with subtitles.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

How do you think he figured all this out without talking to us?

CONNOR

Italian.

Connor speaks flawless Italian with subtitles.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

I have no idea. Maybe someone saw and talked.

MURPHY

German.

(subtitled)

Not in our neighborhood, man. A hundred percent Irish. No one talks to cops. Period.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Spanish.

(subtitled)

Then I guess he's just real... real
good.

SMECKER

What are you guys doing working at a
fucking meat packing plant?

The brothers laugh. Chaffey enters.

CHAFFEY

Ah, Agent Smecker, we have a problem.

SMECKER

What?

CHAFFEY

The press is everywhere outside.
They're going nuts for these guys.
What do you want to do?

SMECKER

You're not being charged. It's up to
you. Do you want to talk to them?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR
Absolutely not.

MURPHY
No pictures, either.

SMECKER
Well, we could try the bag over the
head thing. Walk you right out the
front.

CONNOR
Our mother can see through bags.

MURPHY
Aye, she can. (beat) Any way we can
stay here?

CHAFFEY
Sure, we have an empty holding cell,
They can ... can they stay?

SMECKER
Well, we'll have to check with your
mother, but it's ok with me if your
friends sleep over.

They all chuckle. Chaffey is embarrassed. Smecker stands.

SMECKER (CONT'D)
Time to feed the dogs.

Smecker leaves.

CONNOR
He's a nice guy.

Murphy speaks with the characteristic gay man's lingering
"s".

MURPHY
Yes... he is.

They laugh.

46 EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - EARLY EVENING

The police chief is standing on the front steps of the police
station making a statement to the ravenous press: cameras
and pushy reporters. Agent Smecker stands slightly behind
him.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Rocco stands amidst the sea of reporters as the chief begins.

CHIEF

This is our official statement. The MacManus brothers are not being charged with a crime. It was a clean-cut case of self defense. We have thanked them for their cooperation and we thank you, the media, for your tireless pursuit of the truth.

The press is ablaze with questions. Smecker turns and walks down the precinct steps, passing Rocco, who carries a bunch of folded clothes, and heads for the police station. Smecker glances in Rocco's direction, barely noticing the man who has already passed him.

47 INT. MACMANUS' CELLS - EARLY EVENING

Rocco approaches the wide open cell as Chaffey and Mitchell play cards with the brothers. Happy to see each other the boys and Rocco embrace. He hands them their clothes.

48 INT. MACMANUS' CELL - NIGHT

The boys are in a tight cell with a bed on each side. They are in their own clothes now. The brothers are fast asleep. Suddenly, they lurch forward, throwing their chests out, lips tight, still asleep.

49 OMITTED

50 OMITTED

51 INT. POLICE STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT.

An officer turns on the faucet of a sink and begins to wash his hands. We do down to the pipes beneath the porcelain basin. An old leak seeps water through a crack in the floor.

52 INT. MACMANUS' CELL - NIGHT

A water leak starts on the ceiling. It drips faster and faster. The water begins to follow a water damaged crack along the ceiling. It slowly spreads in two directions.

The brothers struggle for air in their sleep. Then slowly, and at the same time, they each reach up one arm apiece and simultaneously curl their hands as if grabbing something. Their straining faces are brought from darkness to light as they sit up quickly, face to the ceiling.

Their eyes open wide and they each draw their first breath as drops of the creeping water land on their foreheads. They look at each other across the room in shock as the drips of water still fall between them.

CONNOR

Destroy all that which is evil ...

MURPHY

... so that which is good may flourish

53 OMITTED

54 OMITTED

55 INT. MANMANUS' CELL - NEXT MORNING

Murphy and Connor sleep. Murphy awakes to a beep, beep, beep.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

He removes Checkov's pager from the pocket of his bathrobe.

56 INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - MORNING

Connor and Murphy enter as Greenly, Dolly, Duffy, Chaffey and Mitchell are having coffee and donuts. They greet each other warmly. Connor grabs a pen and walks to the hallway.

CONNOR

Be right back...

DUFFY

We would be honored, sir, if you
would join us peasants, in a donut.

Duffy hands Murphy a jelly donut and a cup of coffee as Dolly spreads a copy of the Boston Globe in front of Murphy. The headlines read "The Saints of South Boston." All the detectives chuckle as Murphy is momentarily absorbed. He takes the paper.

MURPHY

Saints? (beat) I will not accept
this pizzle until my feet have been
properly anointed.

They laugh.

57 INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - MORNING

Connor cradles the receiver of a pay phone between his cheek and shoulder. He pockets the pager. As the phone rings, he readies his pen. The other end of the line picks up and a thick Russian accent instantly begins speaking. Connor responds by speaking a few words in Russian before he realizes it's a recorded message. He begins writing. He hangs up the phone and smiles as he lights up a cigarette.

58 OMITTED

AND

59

60 INT. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA'S OFFICE - DAY. A.K.A. THE JOKE.

Rocco, still sporting a shiner, enters an office. There are papers everywhere and it is a cluttered mess of telephones, filing cabinets, lamps and chairs. Rocco clutches a brown paper bag as if it is made of gold. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA, Rocco's boss, is on the phone. He is in his late forties. He's always comfortably dressed; sleeves rolled up, collar unbuttoned.

VINCENZO LIPAZZI swaggers across the office to Rocco. He is in his late thirties. He goes out of his way to look like Elvis; open shirt, gold chains and medallions. He is overweight and has a bouffant hairdo, accompanied by Elvis shades. Vincenzo flips a half dollar in his hand constantly. Rocco and Vincenzo hate each other. Yakavetta talks on the phone.

VINCENZO

(Hushed)

Well, it's the funny man. Give it here, package boy.

ROCCO

(A bit defiant)

Joey Bevo said it was important. Said I had to give it to him myself.

VINCENZO

(Snatching the package)

Gimme the fuckin' thing. Now sit the fuck down!

Rocco obeys like an angry child. Vincenzo puts it in front of Yakavetta. He sits on a filing cabinet and flips his coin. Vincenzo giggles and whispers as he pokes fun at Rocco. The two of them resemble kids behind the teacher's back.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

(Hushed)

I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man. Heee
Hee. I'm so fuckin' funny. Hee
Hee.

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED:

ROCCO

Fuck you Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

(Hushed)

Tell me a joke funny man. Hee Hee.

ROCCO

I caught your show down at the velvet
room at the Holiday Inn, loved it
when you busted into Viva Las Vegas.

Vincenzo's face drops he gets up and starts walking toward
Rocco. Roc points at him from a seated position. He's
scared.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey ...

Suddenly Yakavetta jumps to a standing position. He yells.

YAKAVETTA

Fuck you! I could snap my fingers
and have you dead in four hours,
rotting in a truck off of Boyleston!
You insignificant little fuck! I
always get my fuckin' money!

He slams the phone down. Rocco and Vincenzo are shocked but
try to look composed.

YAKAVETTA (CONT'D)

Fuckin' 90's are killin' me. I
shouldn't a done that. You're not
supposed to tell a guy you're gonna
kill him anymore. I gotta tip-toe
through the tulips with these
assholes. I prance. I'm a prancer.
It's what I do ... sucked all the fun
right out of this job.

As he speaks he unwraps the wax paper in the bag. Rocco
looks over his shoulder. It's a sandwich. He's embarrassed.
Vincenzo smirks at him.

ROCCO

Poppa Joe, you want me to go now?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

YAKAVETTA

Yeah. Thanks, Rocco. See ya.

Rocco starts for the door. Vincenzo begins whispering in Yakavetta's ear.

YAKAVETTA (CONT'D)

Hey, Rocco, wait. Come back here.

ROCCO

Yeah boss?

Vincenzo continues whispering for a few more seconds, long enough for Rocco to see. Vincenzo's lips are tight. His teeth grind.

YAKAVETTA

I always see you talking to the boys and making them laugh. They always come around telling me what a crack up you are. What is it they call you?

ROCCO

(Totally intimidated)

The ... The funny man.

YAKAVETTA

The funny man. Well, I got a new job for you, just for now. Roc, I'm having a real shitty day. I'm depressed. Tell me a funny story or a joke.

ROCCO

(Terrified)

Uh. Okay...um...you hear the one about the, no fuck that one ...uh... oh! oh! Well...shit. Okay, there's a white guy. He's walkin' along the beach and he finds a, a pot, y'know and ah, he rubs it and this genie pops out. But this genie, he's a ni... he's a black guy.

YAKAVETTA

He's a nigger.

ROCCO

Yeah. And uh, he's pissed off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

ROCCO (CONT'D)

He says, "Why you crackers always
gotta find my mother fuckin' pot?
And he tells him he's gonna grant
all his three wishes but he's gonna
give all the black guys..."

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED (4)

VINCENZO AND YAKAVETTA

Niggers!

ROCCO

Sorry! Sorry! All the niggers on the planet get double what he wishes for. "I'll take a million dollars," he says. Genie give it to him and says every nigger on earth just got two million. "I don't care gimme a yacht." Poof there it is.

(intimidated, losing steam)

E-every bl... every nigger just got two yachts. Genie goes...

(gives up)

I'm sorry Poppa Joe. I can't. This joke sucks.

Yakavetta takes a long pause.

YAKAVETTA

Continue the joke.

ROCCO

(deflated)

He says, "What's your third wish?" and the guys says, "I-I want you to beat me half to death."

There's a long tense pause. Suddenly, Yakavetta throws his head back and roars with laughter. Vincenzo joins in. Rocco lets out a semi-audible sign of relief and gradually starts laughing himself.

YAKAVETTA

(Still in guffaw)

Very good stuff, Rocco. Very good stuff. Tell me another one.

Rocco returns to terror. Yakavetta erupts again pointing at Rocco.

61 INT - COMMON BOSTON HOME - ANTEROOM - TWILIGHT

Connor and Murphy give a huge Irishman guns, money and gold watches. He hands them two big black duffle bags and motions for them to help themselves as he counts the money. They enter a well equipped arsenal. They are giddy as they go on their first shopping spree. They toss in masks and gloves. They toss in four identical black finished 9mm handguns with silencers.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

know what we need, man?... some rope.

MURPHY

For what?

CONNOR

Charlie Bronson's always got rope.

MURPHY

What?

CONNOR

Yeah, these guys always got a lot of rope strapped around em in the movies and they always end up using it.

MURPHY

Oh, you've lost it, haven't ya?

CONNOR

I'm serious.

MURPHY

Me too. That's stupid. Name one thing we're gonna need it for.

CONNOR

I don't know they just always need it.

MURPHY

What is all this "they" shit? This ain't a movie.

Connor pulls a large hunting knife from Murphy's bag.

CONNOR

Is that right, Rambo?

MURPHY

All right, get the stupid fuckin' rope.

62 INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul Smecker lies in bed with his young lover, Reuben (mid-twenties). He has an innocent, feminine look and a GQ air about him. The two have just had sex and Reuben is far more excited about it than Smecker.

Reuben pants and gestures that it was a wonderful experience. Smecker watches TV.

(CONTINUED)

Reuben reaches over and affectionately places a hand on Smecker's chest. Paul tosses it off with indifference. Reuben has a pouty look. The phone rings.

SMECKER

Uh, huh. (pause) Room number.

Reuben throws an arm over Smecker's abdomen and places his head on Paul's bare chest as if to now force affection.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

We got a time of death?

He is visibly miffed with Reuben's sudden display. He tries to pull the arm away but Reuben holds tight.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

What's the body count? (sighs)

Smecker is annoyed. He slaps Reuben semi-gently once on his exposed cheek. Reuben closes his eyes and holds even tighter.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Uh, huh.

He bites his lower lip in anger and smack Reuben again on the same cheek, hard. Reuben jumps to a sitting position holding his cheek. He is shocked and hurt.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

I'll be down there in a bit. Keep the press out.

He hangs up. Immediately to Reuben, semi-angry.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

REUBEN

I was just trying to cuddle. (beat)

SMECKER

Cuddle?... (yelling) What a fag!

63 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - 12:30 A.M.

Smecker saunters down the hall, his usual confident smile. He is impeccably dressed in a brightly colored suit. Greenly stands directly outside an open door at the hall's end. A steady flow of detectives and forensics filter in and out. Smecker halts before Greenly and looks straight into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

SMECKER

(Intrigued)

He's struck again, hasn't he, Greenly?

GREENLY

Why do you always disrespect me like that?

SMECKER

Respect is earned, Greenly, never given. Guys like you should have to follow me around squabbling for the scraps from my table.

64 OMITTED

65 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker and Greenly walk into a large sunken living room with high ceilings. There is a huge white shaped pit couch in the center with seven dead bodies draped across it. All the bodies have been turned so they are either seated or on their backs and bright new pennies have been placed in their eyes. There is one corpse directly in the middle of the living room, making eight. This victim (THE FAT MAN) is overweight and is lying in debris made up of sheet rock and broken wood which spreads thinly for a five foot radius around him.

The victims' body positions are in a circle with the fat man as the hub. Smecker is instantly engulfed. The regular homicide detectives are on hand with their I.D.s hanging out of their breast pockets. They see Smecker and back off. Duffy wears an especially loud tie. Smecker lights up a smoke. He circles around and sees another body behind the couch, which makes nine. The victim is on his back, with pennies stuck in his eyes.

SMECKER

How many bodies, Greenly?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

GREENLY
(Still Dejected)

Eight.

Smecker's eyes widen as he turns to Greenly.

GREENLY (CONT'D)
(Catching Himself)

No! Shit! I didn't see that one.
Nine! Nine!

Smecker takes a beat. He addresses the detectives.

SMECKER

While Greenly's getting coffee,
anybody else want anything?

GREENLY

Shit! Shit! (as he walks to the
door)

Smecker surveys the scene.

SMECKER

So Duffy, got any theories to go
with that... tie.

DUFFY

(Looks Down)

These guys were pros. I think they
were coming for one target, the fag
man, he was the...

SMECKER

The what man?

DUFFY

(Surprised)

The fat man.

SMECKER

Well, Freud was right. So you think
they came for the fag man, huh? And
what do you base this upon?

DUFFY

He was the only one done right. Two
in the back of the head.

SMECKER

And the pennies?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

DUFFY

New hitman wants to leave his mark

SMECKER

That's a possibility. Y'know you Boston cops are perking up. That's two sound theories in one day, neither of which deal with abnormally sized men. (pause) Another possibility is that they were placed there with religious intent.

DUFFY

Yeah. Some cultures still put pennies in the eyes of the dead, or silver.

SMECKER

The Greeks. The Italians.

DUFFY

The Sicilians.

DOLLY

What's the symbology there?

Smecker tosses the Idiot glance to Dolly.

SMECKER

Symbology? Well, now that Duffy has relinquished his King Bone Head crown I see we have an heir to the throne. I'm sure the word you were looking for was symbolism. What's the symbolism there? Let me explain it to you. In Greek and Roman mythology when you died you would have to pay the toll to Charon, the boatman who ferried you across to the gates of judgment. This made sure the dead came to atone for what they did during their lives, Detective...

Smecker looks at his I.D.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Dollapoppaskalious.

The detectives are impressed.

DOLLY (DOLLAPOPPASKALIOUS)

Holy shit. You're the first one that's ever got that.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

8/12/1998 - Green Revision

SMECKER

(Aside)

Yeah, well ... I'm an expert in name-ology.

The detectives chuckle.

66 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker is chain smoking. His clothes appear unkempt. His eyes show emotion at every new found clue. The detectives watch closely. He is hunched over the body of the fat man probing his wounds with his gloved fingers. Greenly has re-entered. He defiantly holds a cup of coffee but is too intimidated to interrupt Smecker. He sets it down and folds his arms.

SMECKER

I've seen burns like these before. They used silencers. Look at these entry and exit wounds. They're identical.

He stands up and gives a lesson to the now eager detectives. He points his two index fingers to the back of his own skull.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

The two bullets went in here, through the top of the skull, criss-crossed and exited through the eyeballs. This one clue tells us three distinct facts. Number one ... Duffy.

DUFFY

They shot him at a downward angle. (makes connection) They put him on his knees.

SMECKER

Excellent! Number two. Greenly.

GREENLY

Uh. (thinking hard) Shit, I, uh ...

SMECKER

It tells us that he was the last to die. All these men (fans across the corpses with his hand) were carrying. They came in, dropped all in seconds and then took their time with fag man. Didn't they, Duffy?! (psychotic laugh) They sure as fuck did!

A wide-eyed Duffy joins with Smecker, by nodding his head. Smecker is seducing all of them.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

SMECKER (CONT'D)
And number three, Dolly.

DOLLY
Uh... two shooters!

SMECKER
Fan-fuckin-tastic!

Greenly and Duffy want to know how.

SMECKER (CONT'D)
Now stay with me, boys. What did they do to make two such identical wounds? Did one guy put him on his knees, pop a cap in, sit him back up and shoot him again the same way? No. Two men of similar height dropped this guy down, each put some iron to his head and boom! That's all she fuckin' wrote!

DUFFY
What about one guy with two guns?

SMECKER
Possible, but unlikely. The angles are too extreme. A guy holding two guns to the back of your head is gonna shoot straight ahead. He wouldn't cock out his elbows, makes no sense. Besides, you telling me one guy came in here and killed eight men with eight extremely well aimed shots in just a few seconds? No way. Had to be at least two.

67 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Smecker is now a complete mess. His hair is totally frazzled. He is sucking on cigarettes long and hard. His clothes are completely disheveled.

SMECKER
Television, ... television is the explanation for this.

Smecker points toward the ceiling revealing a huge gaping hole in it just above the living room.

(CONTINUED)

67. CONTINUED:

SMECKER (CONT'D)

You see this is bad television.
(again pointing out the hole in the ceiling) The little assault guys creeping in through the vents and coming in through the ceilings. That James Bond shit never happens in real life. Professionals don't do that. So we've got this up here, which has novice written all over it. And all this down here that's simply a perfect textbook assassination. So here's our two possibilities. We either have rank amateurs that got lucky or consummate professionals that fucked up.

The detectives nod in agreement. They are now completely taken in by Smecker's spell.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Join me in a drink, gentlemen.

They go over and grab seats at the bar. Smecker mixes himself a gin and tonic on the other side. He is calming down now and going back into cool mode. He starts to tuck his clothes back in and fix his hair. He leans over the bar and sips his drink. The three detectives lean in.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

With the exception of my coffee boy, you Boston detectives are starting to show signs of intelligence. So, I am going to make you privy to some information that you would not normally be. These men are all Russian mob. Not like those two peons in the alley the other day. These guys are all syndicate bosses and underbosses. I have a dossier on every man in this room. Since the Iron Curtain has gone down, the Russian syndicates have started to come here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SMECKER (CONT'D)

And in the spirit of Glasnost the Soviets have opened their borders to the mafia. But the Italians, they're not convinced that the grounds in mother Russia are fertile enough for organized crime yet. So they ain't ready to commit. The Russians are coming here anyway. They are unwelcome. What we have here, gentlemen, is possibly the beginning of the first international mob war... unless I've totally missed something.

All their faces read the gravity of the situation.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Now, what is this going to look like to those who do not know what I just told you?

DUFFY

It's gonna look like the bad guys are killing each other.

SMECKER

And is there an American, shit is there a man seated among us that hasn't thought about it many times, let's just put them all on an island, give them guns and let them kill each other. This is our wet dream come true. You can expect federal and local law enforcement to go only deep enough to satisfy the law, then bury it from here on out.

DOLLY

So, what do we do now?

SMECKER

That depends. You either do your job or get ethical.

68 INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rocco comes out of the bathroom. He storms out to his small, round, living room table at which the boys are seated. He is wearing a white, polyester shirt with gold trim that is a uniform of some kind for perhaps a chain of restaurants. It is unbuttoned all the way down and his white t-shirt is hanging out. He is wearing a name tag that reads "Jaffar".

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

He is upset. He slams down a chair across from the brothers who are sitting there cleaning guns and silencers. All the accoutrements of death are sprawled before them. They are smoking as they carefully disassemble their firearms.

ROCCO

This better be good. (viciously
ties his hair back) Talk!

The boys look at each other.

69 FLASHBACK EXT. - SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

The boys are walking across Copley Square. Connor looks at the note he wrote at the police station. They stand on the sidewalk and light smokes. They are in their regular garb; thick naval P-coats, jeans and leather boots. They each carry a mid-sized, black, duffle bag. They are serious and business-like. They scan the Plaza Hotel from across the street. The elite exit and enter the hotel. Connor glances at his pocket watch. It's 8:45.

70 OMITTED

71 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They enter. They look ahead, stone-faced, as the elevator climbs.

MURPHY

Nervous?

CONNOR

A bit.

MURPHY

Me, too.

The elevator stops at the lobby level. Nine, well-dressed men enter. Their faces are not shown. The boys move to the back wall.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED

One guy says something quickly to another in Russian. The other gives a one word Russian response. They boys look at each other. As the elevator climbs, their eyes focus.

The door opens. As the men exit the elevator, each face is seen individually, all are victims from Smecker's crime scene. The elevator goes up half a floor. They hit the stop button and rummage in their bags. They suit up; black gloves and black masks. They strap on four 9mm. pistols with silencers, in shoulder holsters, one under each arm. Connor takes a large coil of black rope and drapes it around himself. He looks at Murphy and at the rope in his bag. Murphy is too excited to argue.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You and your fucking rope.

He puts it on. They drop to their knees, making the sign of the cross. Then, up through the ceiling they go.

72 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

They stand on top of the elevator before a long air shaft.

CONNOR (SMILING)

See. I told you there'd be a shaft.

MURPHY (SMILING)

Just like on TV.

They jump into the air shaft.

73 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

They start crawling with Connor in front and Murphy behind.

74 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

The plump boss is standing in the middle of the sunken living room. His eight Russian comrades are around him seated on the U-shaped pit couch. They speak Russian, but no subtitles are seen. The fat man yells. He's mad about something.

75 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

Connor is taking lots of random turns, left and right. He is starting to look a bit confused.

76 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

The fat man is really yelling at them now. He is screaming and pointing at each man.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

They seem to be taking it seriously.

77 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

Their brows are drenched with sweat. Murphy crawls up next to Connor. There is only enough room for the two to lie on their sides facing each other.

MURPHY

Where the fuck are you going?

CONNOR

We'll find it. Just calm down.

MURPHY

No, fuck you. This rope is bullshit. I'm sweatin' my ass off draggin' this stupid thing around. Must weigh 30 pounds.

Murphy takes off the rope.

CONNOR

We're doing some serious shit here. Now, get a hold of yourself, asshole.

MURPHY

Asshole!? I'm not the rope-totin' Charlie Bronson wanna-be that's getting' us lost!

CONNOR

Sh, sh! Fuck you!

Connor grabs Murphy's shirt.

MURPHY

No, fuck you!

The boys get into a close quarters battle. An occasional insult is thrown as feet kick and fists fly. They begin to get tangled in their own rope. The seam of the duct breaks and a tangled mess of rope and MacManuses pour out.

78 OMITTED

79 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

They crash through the ceiling right above the fat man's head. The rope gets caught and slams the boys to a halt, hanging them upside down, back to back about six

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

feet above the floor. They are turning in circles. The boss is balled up in the fetal position on the floor. The shocked Russians say only a word or two in panic before the MacManus brothers react, reaching for their guns. The Russians start to reach for their guns. It's too late. The boys draw and fire as they spin. Taking four shots apiece. There are eight dead Russians. Chests explode as they fall back on the couch in a loose circle. One victims is blasted over the couch.

They notice the fat man directly beneath them. Murphy grabs his Rambo knife, reaches up and cuts the rope. They land in a heap, scramble over to the doomed man and place him on his knees. They each put a gun to the back of his head and recite this prayer in perfect unison.

BOTH

And shepherds we shall be. For thee,
my Lord, for thee. Power hath
descended forth from thy hand that
our feet may swiftly carry out thy
command. So we shall flow a river
forth to thee and teeming with souls
shall it ever be. E nomini patri,
et Fili e spiritu sancti.

With the silenced pop from their guns we cut the sound and go to black and white. (Slo-mo) Choral music starts with Latin script being read in the background. They take their rosaries out. They slowly walk around, mumbling prayers as they care for the dead. They gently turn over the bodies that were on their stomachs. They brush the hair back from the victims faces. They place pennies in the eyes of al the corpses. When they finish their ritual, they pull off their masks and look at each other. They start to grin and look around. They work each other into a healthy chuckle.

CONNOR

(Looks up)

That was some good fuckin' rope.

They both laugh.

MURPHY

That was way easier than I thought.

CONNOR

Aye.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

MURPHY

On TV ya always get that asshole
that jumps behind the couch.

CONNOR

Yeah, and ya gotta shoot at him for
ten minutes.

MURPHY

Oh, we're good man.

CONNOR

Yes, we are.

They are already striding for a suitcase full of money.
Murphy picks up a wad of bills.

MURPHY

I love our new job.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. They snap into
action. They stand at each side of the double doors, looking
through the peepholes. They see Rocco on the other side
dressed as a hotel employee. He wears a polyester shirt
with gold trim and a name tag that reads Jaffar. He has a
good cart in front of him.

They look at each other and grin. Murphy nods. As they
open the door, Murphy grabs the food cart and pulls it in.
Connor seizes the mortified Rocco and pulls him in, slamming
the door shut behind him. They run, dragging him and then
throw him in the midst of the bodies. They put their guns
right in his face.

ROCCO

Oh, God! Don't kill me! We're on
the same side! The boss musta sent
you in as back up, huh? Oh, shit,
please! I'm Rocco. I'm the funny
man.

(Almost Crying)

They call me the funny fuckin' man!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

CONNOR
(Attempting to hide
accent)
Where's your gun?

ROCCO
Chest pocket. (they take it) Shit!

CONNOR
This is a six-shooter.

MURPHY
(Hiding accent)
Nine bodies.

CONNOR
Oh, you're good. What were you gonna
do? Laugh the last three to death,
funny man?

ROCCO
Poppa Joe said there was only two.
In and out.
(Trying to make friends)
Boy, you guys sure did a good job.
You're good, huh? Cool masks.
Where'd you get them?

CONNOR
Let's do him right here.

MURPHY
Right now.

ROCCO
(Screaming like a
baby)
Don't kill me. Oh shit, please no.
I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man! ...
the funny man...the funny.

The boys put their faces close to his and demask. They start
laughing but Rocco just lays there, wide-eyed, in shock.
They boys saunter to the bar. Rocco takes a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (4)

ROCCO (CONT'D)

What did you do?! Fuckin' ... what
the fuckin' fuck! Who the fuck,
fucked this fuckin'? fuck. How did
you two fuckin',
fucks?..... FUCK!!!

CONNOR

Certainly illustrates the diversity
of the word.

The brothers laugh.

ROCCO

What the fuck are you doing here?
What, huh!? WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?
ANSWERS! I WANT FUCKIN' ANSWERS!

CONNOR

(Slaps his face)
Get a hold of yourself, man.

Rocco is silent and surprised. Murphy, also surprised, looks
at Rocco. All is quiet.

MURPHY

Yeah, get a hold of yourself.

Murphy jokingly slaps Rocco a second time. Rocco instantly
jumps on Murphy, cursing and punching. The brothers burst
into laughter as they subdue Rocco. As he calms down, they
release him.

CONNOR

Listen, we gotta get outta here now.
We'll take separate exits and meet
at Rocco's.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (5)

7/27/98 - Yellow Revision

Murphy puts the two suitcases in his duffle bag and the two brush by Rocco who is still unsatisfied with his explanation.

ROCCO

Fuck!

80 BACK TO PRESENT INT. - ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rocco has removed his hotel jacket.

ROCCO

Anybody you think is evil?

CONNOR

Yes.

ROCCO

Don't you think that's a little psycho? A little weird?

CONNOR

Weird, huh? ... Know what I think is weird? Decent men with loving families go home every day after work. They turn on the news and see rapists, murderers, and child molesters all getting out of prison.

MURPHY

Mafiosos getting caught with 20 kilos and walkin' on bail the same day.

CONNOR

Little girls catchin' stray bullets in their heads, playin' hopscotch in their front yards. And everyone thinks the same thing ... Someone should just go kill those motherfuckers.

MURPHY

Kill em all. Admit it, even you've thought about it.

Rocco ponders this as the boys continue to clean their weapons.

ROCCO

You guys should be in every major city.

The boys chuckle. Rocco steadily works himself into a humorous frenzy.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

ROCCO (CONT'D)

This is some heavy shit. This is like Lone Ranger-heavy man. Fuck it! There's so much shit that pisses me off. You guys should recruit 'cause I am sick and fuckin' tired of walkin' down the street waitin' for one of these assholes to get me, y'know?

MURPHY

(Chuckling)

Hallelujah, Jaffar.

ROCCO

So you're not just talkin' mob guys. You're talkin' anyone, right? Even like pimps and drug dealers and all that shit?

The boys look at each other and nod.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Well fuck, you guys could do this every day.

MURPHY

We're like 7-Eleven. We ain't always doing business, but we're always open.

CONNOR

Nicely put.

81 INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ONE HOUR LATER

The three are partying hard. There's a pizza surrounded by Guinness cans as they whoop it up, sitting at the round table. Rocco wears one of the masks. They're all drunk. The house cat is lounging on the table comfortably.

ROCCO

You fuckin' guys. You ruined me. I'm fuckin' done. Permanent package boy.

MURPHY

Who says that? You could take credit on it.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

What are you serious?

MURPHY

Yeah, fuck it. If you think about it, it's all you can do really. You can't tell him it was us. Go in braggin' and shit.

CONNOR

Climb the corporate ladder, boy.
Don Rocco.

ROCCO

Fuck it! I'm doing it. I deserve it. I've been working for those fat bastards since I was in high school and look at this place.

The boys nod in agreement.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

(Working into a frenzy)

They're fuckin' me man! Hey, they can suck my pathetic little dick. And I'll dip my nuts in marinara just so the fat fucks can get a taste of home while they're at it. That's it, it's done, I'm doing it.

Rocco slams his fist down on the table next to Murphy's gun. The gun goes off with a bang! and blows the lounging cat right off the table. A softball-sized hole is blasted in the wall as a large splatter of blood sprays the area surrounding the hole. Everyone is in shock for a second.

MURPHY

I can't fuckin' believe that just happened!

82 INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING - 11:30 A.M.

The three are passed out all over the apartment. Rocco awakens. He stumbles past the wall with the large, round pink stain on it. There is a crooked picture hanging in the middle of it.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

Rocco staggers to the kitchen and throws water in his face over a sinkful of dirty dishes. Connor awakens, grabs his jacket and follows Rocco out.

82A EXT. ROCCO'S FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

CONNOR

(Hung over)

Donna's gonna be angry about her cat.

ROCCO

Shit. She's on every drug know to man. She'd have sold that thing for a dime bag. Screw her. (beat) But I do kinda feel like an ass-hole.

CONNOR

(Chuckles)

You sound real remorseful.

Connor lights up two smokes and hands one to Rocco.

ROCCO

She ain't been around in weeks anyhow.

CONNOR

(Beat)

Listen. Something's been bothering me about last night.

ROCCO

What?

CONNOR

Well ... what if your boss knew how many guys were supposed to be there ... in that room?

ROCCO

What are you saying?

CONNOR

Think about it man. Nine men, six bullets.

ROCCO

You think they sold me out? No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

He probably knew you'd end up nailing the fat guy, maybe one or two more, but he had to know you weren't walking out of there. Figure it out. Shooter's dead on the scene. No in-depth investigation. It'd slide right off his back. 'Cause as much as I love ya, you're not exactly Don Corleone. What would he be losing? A thirty-five year old delivery boy?

ROCCO

No, no. That's just not the way things are done. Besides, how's he know I don't just get in there see there's too many and just serve em their fuckin' food and beat it?

CONNOR

He knows you, man. He knows all you want is to move up. That's all. A smooth hitter woulda gone in there, seen it was a wash and slipped out. But a guy like you? Knowin' this is your only chance? Waitin' eighteen years?

ROCCO

No. No man. That's ... that's... you don't know what you're talking about. That's bullshit. I know these guys. I mean, thanks for your concern, but that just ain't the thing of it.

CONNOR

Do me a favor and roll it around for a bit on your way in.

ROCCO

No, look. No rolling. Nothing needs to be rolled.

Murphy stumbles enters scene with Rocco and Connor.

MURPHY

(To Rocco)

Where are you goin'?

(To Connor)

Did you tell him?

CONNOR

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (2)

MURPHY

(To Rocco)

Then what the fuck?

ROCCO

Hey. You don't know that shit for sure.

MURPHY

Oh, Jesus. You're such a fuckin' retard!

ROCCO

Fuck you!

MURPHY

Use your brain for once. Is it so unbelievable they don't care about you? You are fuckin' dead, you go in there today. Dead!

ROCCO

Oh yeah. You two fuckin' Micks know what's going on, huh?

(Flips them off)

Fuck you!

CONNOR

(Trying to calm him)

Hey, this ain't a thing you should gamble on, Roc.

A girl rides by on a bicycle, they pause as she rides between them.

MURPHY

Fuck it! What kind of flowers ya want at your funeral? Ya dumb Wop. This is the last time I'll see you. Bye-bye ya stupid son of a bitch.

ROCCO

(Walking Away)

I'll be back at 9:00.

CONNOR

Hey. You get in there and start getting a bad vibe, get the fuck out quick.

83 INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Connor picks up the place as Murphy watches t.v. The phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

MURPHY

Hello?

ROCCO (V.O.)

Hey Murph.

MURPHY

Roc. You okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)

Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY

No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)

I'm fuckin' fine.

(beat)

Catch you on the flip side.

Rocco hangs up. Just then DONNA and her friend RAYVIE enter the apartment. They are consummate junky sluts who are very doped up and giddy.

DONNA

(trying hard)

Here kitty, kitty kitty.

84 OMITTED

85 INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker ascends the three, small steps up to the round room. A NUDE DANCER sits there on the couch in a robe. She is crying as she is being consoled by Detective Duffy. This small room is where men watch girls through a large glass window.

In this room a dancer performs on a floor a few feet above the three private booths where each man watches from his own booth. She appears as if on stage. All three windows are shattered and there is blood on the wall of all three booths. We see assorted body parts in each booth, but no faces.

DOLLY

(Approaches Smecker)

She was in here when it went down.

SMECKER

Can she I.D. them?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

7/27/98 - Green Revision

DOLLY

They were wearing masks.

SMECKER

Of course they were. How many?

DOLLY

Three.

Smecker looks at Dolly surprised.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Only two did the shooting.

(Beat)

So what are you thinking, Russian retaliation?

SMECKER

Nah, too quick half their infrastructure got taken out at the Copley plaza. Besides, if you're a hitter, you're either working for the Russians or the Italians. There's no riding the fence. Our little theory from last night just got blown to shit. Something... new is going on here.

Smecker sits next to the girl. He has Compassion. She Cries.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Probably shouldn't work another shift for awhile.

DANCER

Fuck this job. I'm getting out of the porno business and I don't care who I gotta blow to do it.

86 INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

The bodies have been removed and chalk outlines replace them. The bullet holes in the walls have been marked either A or B. The detectives watch Smecker. He is a mess. His clothes are disheveled and his hair is frazzled.

SMECKER

After talking to the dancer we know that their mark was the guy in the middle booth. After she watches them whack him, she passes out.
(pause) Why the two extra victims?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

GREENLY

Witness?

SMECKER

No way they could have seen it.

Smecker hits an orange button on the wall and a black steel door with a money slot comes slamming down in front of the first booth. He does the same thing to the last booth, leaving the middle one open. Both doors possess peep holes.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

(Sarcastic)

Allow me to enlighten you gentlemen to the protocol of the porno industry, as I'm sure you've never been in one of these places before. A man goes into the booth, puts the money in the slot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

SMECKER (CONT'D)

The dancer gets it on the other side.
She hits the button, door goes up,
now there is only glass between you
and it's (makes a masturbatory gesture
with hand) little fireman time.

DUFFY

No way they could have seen it?

SMECKER

Those doors were down... which means
this. They looked down in through
the peep hole, saw these guys and
opened the doors from the inside.
Pop, pop, pop, right through the
glass. Why?

DOLLY

Maybe the three of them had something
in common.

SMECKER

No. This guy is big time. (points
to middle booth) These two are street-
walking scum.

GREENLY

(Kidding)

Then that's what they had in common.
They were all bad guys... now they're
all dead bad guys.

Smecker seems side-tracked and ponderous at Greenly's
observation. He hits the orange buttons and raises the doors.

SMECKER

We got another thing to think about
here. We got us a genuine Kennedy
assassination style bullet theory.
Two guns were used here, guns A and
B. the guy in the middle was done
with both. But this guy...

(Denotes right booth)

...he was killed with bullets from
gun A only. And this guy...

(Denotes left booth)

...gun B only. But ballistics dug
two slugs out of the wall from over
here where the victim was done with
A.

(CONTINUED)

Smecker points to two bullet holes in the wall of the booth on the left. Each is marked "B". He walks over to the right booth where in the exact location are two identical holes marked "A".

SMECKER (CONT'D)

And it's the same story over here.
Why the crossover?
(beat)
Theories.

DOLLY

That's just fucking weird. I have no idea.

DUFFY

Jesus. I just can't think anymore.
That scene over at the coffee shop today tapped me out.

SMECKER

What?

DUFFY

A guy went nuts over off of Commonwealth today. Shot three guys to death in a coffee shop in broad daylight. Fled the scene. Don't have much on him.

SMECKER

(Angry)
Why was I not informed of this?

GREENLY

They weren't related. The guy used a 38. No pennies. Totally amateur.

SMECKER

Who were the victims?

GREENLY

A couple of peons for the mob and...

SMECKER

(Livid)
Oh that's just BEAUTIFUL! All the scumbags in the quiet city of Boston start dropping dead and you think it's unrelated?! Greenly, the day I want the Boston Police doing my thinking for me, I will have a fucking tag on my toe!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (4)

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Now, get me a squad car and get me over there. I want the crime scene photos and any witness statements. NOW!

Smecker storms from the room. The detectives begin to follow. Smecker comes barreling back in, shoving them out of the way. He looks at the bullet holes in the walls marked "A and B" again. Something has clicked.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

(Wide-eyed)

Oh...it looks like we got us a cowboy.

87 INT. LAKEVIEW LUNCH - NIGHT

Smecker surveys photos and papers, as he smokes profusely. He stands next to a table in the back where chairs are knocked over. Body chalk and blood stains are everywhere. The detectives seem like they don't want to be there, again.

SMECKER

The shooter knew these guys, huh?

DOLLY

How do you figure?

SMECKER

Friends, Gentlemen. They were friends.

Smecker flashes them a photo of a dead body. The victim is shot in the head and face down in his plate of food. His hands are on the table in front of him.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

These guys were packing. Not one hand near a gun. It's simple human behavior. Someone you don't know approaches you, you put your hand on it. This guy's got his hands on the table. He's eating his food, for Christ sakes. They were friends.

Smecker looks over the bar.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

These two fucking scenes are related. Too many coincidences. Same day? Five hours apart? Dead mobsters on both scenes. Now, why did he kill the bartender?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

DUFFY

Crime of passion. He just went nuts.
He would have shot everyone in here.
He just ran out of bullets.

SMECKER

Duffy. This look like a fucking
post office to you? This guy came
in here with intent. Maybe he didn't
know exactly what he was gonna do
but he had a pretty good idea. The
bartender wasn't a fucking accident.

DUFFY

Well, we didn't get any help on that.
A lot of people saw it. Nobody's
talking.

SMECKER

Fucking figures. Look, are you guys
seeing the pattern here? We got big
questions at both of these crime
scenes, with no answers. WHY did
they kill the guys in the other two
booths? WHY did he do the bartender?
It would seem unnecessary, even
stupid. (angry) God, I hate cold
crime scenes! I'm fucking leaving
now. And do me a favor, tell me
when the next guy dies, cause these
guys are not done yet.

He storms to the entry way.

88 INT. LAKEVIEW LUNCH - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Smecker walks across the street, still angry, and goes to a
payphone. There's an extreme close-up on his hand as he
puts in a quarter. As the quarter jingles in...

89 FLASHBACK EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF LAKEVIEW LUNCH - DAY

...there is a close-up on a hand pulling back from the coin
slot. The hand moves up to pull a cigarette from its
possessor's mouth. It is Rocco. He dials the phone.

MURPHY (V.O)

Hello?

ROCCO

Hey, Murph.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

MURPHY (V.O.)

Roc. You okay?

ROCCO

Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY (V.O.)

No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO

I'm fuckin' fine.

(beat)

Catch you on the flip side.

He goes across the street and enters Salamone's.

90 INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Donna and Rayvie are laying on the couch. Connor is spit-shining his boots by the window. Murphy lights his cigarette on the gas stove and pours some salt in a pot of water with a handful of pennies boiling to a shine in it. Rocco bursts through the door, hysterical. Tears are streaming down his face.

ROCCO

Pack your shit! We gotta get outta here! We gotta get out!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

CONNOR
(hopping into his
boots)
What happened?

ROCCO
I killed em! Oh, Jesus! I killed
em all!!

DONNA
Rocco?

MURPHY
Hey, hey. Just calm down. Tell us
what happened!

ROCCO
No! Fuck you! You start getting
excited! We gotta fucking go!

DONNA
Rocco!

CONNOR
(Packing up gear)
Who did you kill?

MURPHY
(Packing up gear)
Holy shit. Who? How many?

ROCCO
(Rummaging through
his drawers)
Hurry the fuck up!

MURPHY
This is some crazy shit, man!

ROCCO
Those cocksuckers sold me out!

CONNOR
Did I fuckin' tell ya, Rocco?
They pull on you first?

DONNA
ROCCO!

ROCCO
What did I fuckin' do? ... in the middle
of the Lakeview.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR
Lakeview the deli? Oh, shit!

MURPHY
Ha! Ha! Roc, you got a jumbo set
of coconut balls man!

DONNA/RAYVIE
ROCCO!

ROCCO
(Turns in rage)
What?

DONNA
(Softly)
Where's my cat?

ROCCO
(slight pause)
I killed your fuckin' cat, you druggie
bitch!

DONNA
(Shocked, hurt)
You... oh god, why?

ROCCO
I felt it would bring closure to our
relationship!

DONNA
(Crying)
You killed my..my...

She stops, unsure of the cat's name.

ROCCO
(Screaming)
Your what?! Your fuckin' what?!

DONNA
My, my...

ROCCO
(puts his gun to his
own head)
Your what, bitch? I'll shoot myself
in the head, you can tell me that
cats name! Go ahead..Your what?
Your precious little... (waiting for
her response)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNA
(Flustered, Crying)
Pee...per...man

ROCCO
Peeperman? WRONG? What color was
it?!!!

DONNA
It was...It was...

ROCCO
Male or female, bitch?!!

RAYVIE
Don't you yell at her you fuckin'
prick!

ROCCO
Shut your fat ass, Rayvie! I can't
buy a pack of smokes without running
into nine guys you fucked.

DONNA
Don't you yell at her!

Rocco rummages through her purse and finds her car keys.

ROCCO
All right, let's get the fuck outta
here!

They exit. Rayvie and Donna are hugging each other, crying.

RAYVIE
Is my... I mean it's not really ...?

DONNA
No. No. It's not fat.

91 INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Rocco is in the back. Connor is driving.

ROCCO
Those rat fucks! All of them were
all laughing at me man!

MURPHY
You sure you killed them?

92 INT. FLASHBACK - SALAMONE'S - DAY

Rocco is standing at the back table while his cohorts remain seated. They are OLY, and VINNIE.

ROCCO (V.O.)

Fuckin-A-right I did. I had a goddam turkey shoot over there.

VINNIE

I'll be it was a test. Vincenzo came in here shooting his mouth off. He was makin' sure we knew. But we did what we were supposed to, eh? We kept our mouths shut. You did your part. They know we're goodfellas now. We'll get taken care of.

ROCCO

What? Did everyone know? Next thing you'll tell me Sal was in on it.

Rocco looks at Sal the bartender who reaches for the phone.

OLY

Fuck. Vincenzo told Sal first. That fat fuck knew before we did.

They all start laughing together.

OLY (CONT'D)

At least we got our funny man back.

They all laugh as Rocco pulls his gun and shoots Oly in the head. He lands face down in his plate of food. He shoots Vinnie in the chest then turns on Sal. He yells "Funny, funny, funny" as he pumps the remaining rounds into him.

93 INT. BCK TO PRESENT - DONNA'S CAR

CONNOR

Anybody see ya?

ROCCO

Fuck, man! I may as well have posted flyers. Right out in public, man.

MURPHY

Liberating isn't it?

93 CONTINUED:

ROCCO
 (smiles at last)
 Y'know it is, a bit.

The boys laugh.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Stop the car!

Connor pulls over directly in front of a pink neon sign that says The Sin Bin.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Vincenzo, that fat motherfucker,
 Yakavetta's right hand. He's the
 one who set me up. Then he went
 around shooting his mouth off, telling
 everyone I was as good as dead. He
 goes in there every Wednesday night
 around 10:00, he jerks off in the same
 booth to the same titty dancer.
 Never misses.

MURPHY
 So?

ROCCO
 So let's kill the motherfucker. I
 mean, what are you guys... like that's
 your new thing right?

CONNOR
 (Looks at Murphy)
 Yeah, well...

ROCCO
 Oh, what the fuck? How do you guys
 decide who you're ... I mean, who makes
 the cut? Is there a raffle or
 something?

MURPHY
 Well, truth be known, those first
 ones just kinda fell into our laps.

ROCCO
 Well, what'ya do?

CONNOR
 I guess we really don't have a system
 of deciding who.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO
(Excited, Yelling)
MEEE! ME! I'm the guy! I know
everyone, their habits, where they
hang out, who they talk to. I know
where they fuckin' live. We could
kill everyone!

MURPHY (TO CONNOR)
So what do you think?

CONNOR
I'm strangely comfortable with it.

94 OMITTED

95 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SIN BIN - NIGHT

Rocco, Connor and Murphy are looking very serious as they
smoke outside the rear door, in the alley. A drug dealer in
a hooded Boston Bruins jacket emerges from the opposing alley.
He stops a 13 year-old kid. The kid is scared as the drug
dealer slaps him. The kid give him money and the drug dealer
stuffs a small baggie in the boy's shirt. He lets him go
and withdraws into the alley.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

As the boys and Rocco watch this from the opposing alley, they begin to head for them, but Vincenzo's car pulls up across the street. Rocco stops the boys and denotes Vincenzo. The boys head in the front door. Rocco moves back into the alley.

96 INT. SIN BIN - NIGHT

Vincenzo enters and shuffles past the bar where the brothers stand. He walks through a bead curtain at the back of the busy porno house. The boys follow him.

97 INT. SIN BIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They go to the back, open the exit door and let Rocco in. The three wind down long dark hallways with Rocco leading the way until they reach a green door. The boys stand, side by side, directly in front of it. Rocco is just behind them. The three pull identical 9mm.'s and the boys pull on their masks. Rocco puts on a mask that he made from a dock worker's cotton hat. He looks ridiculous.

MURPHY

Okay Roc, this is...

He turns and is instantly taken with laughter at Rocco's appearance. Connor turns, and has the same reaction.

ROCCO

What? You guys got masks.

They are now pointing and laughing.

MURPHY

(Through Laughter)

You look like Mush Mouth from Fat Albert.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

(Takes off mask)

Fine! Fuck it! When we're done she
can I.D. me. I don't care. Just
tryin' to be professional, but no...

CONNOR

(Still Laughing)

No. No. It looks good. C'mon, put
it back on. It's good.

He begrudgingly puts it back on. They reassume their
position.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(Imitating Mush Mouth)

Okay Roc. You sure you're O-B-kay-B?

98 INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

They burst into the room, climb up a few steps and are in a
small round room with a couch in it. A topless dancer sits,
smoking and drinking coffee, on the couch in front of three
big black steel doors with money slots in them. Rocco seizes
her, puts a hand over her mouth and a gun to her head.

ROCCO

Which one is he in?

She points to the middle door.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

What's his routine? (takes his hand
off her mouth)

DANCER

H..h..he jerks off in there. Th..then
he puts money through the slot and I
raise the door.

MURPHY

How?

She points to an orange button. Each door has a button to
the left of it.

ROCCO

The what?

DANCER

He watches me do my thing and f-
finishes himself off.

99 INT. SIN BIN - CENTER BOOTH - NIGHT

We see the fuzzy reflection of a cheap porno movie being reflected in Vincenzo's Elvis style sunglasses. He is shaking as he masturbates.

VINCENZO

(grunting, muttering)

Don't you talk to me like that, you
dirty little... give it to daddy... give
it ta da King... garbage mouth, garbage
mouth.

100 INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco is looking through the peep hole down on Vincenzo. He still holds the terrified, crying dancer.

ROCCO

Oh man. He is some sicko.

They back up and focus on the money slot. A hundred dollar bill comes through. Connor gives it to the dancer.

CONNOR

You've earned this.

The boys begin to recite their prayer. Rocco is smiling and excited, he still hangs on to the now hyperventilating dancer. They press the button. The door goes straight up. Vincenzo has one moment of shock before the MacManuses decimate him through the glass with silenced bullets. The glass silently spiders and begins to fall in spots. His chest explodes, sputtering medallions and bits of gold chain inside the booth. The dancer faints and Rocco lays her down gently.

The boys step down in the boot and begin their ritual. Rocco watches intently, intrigued. They finish and turn around to see Rocco is immersed in grabbing one of the unconscious dancer's breasts. They pull up their masks.

100 CONTINUED:

CONNOR (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

ROCCO

I - I'll tip her.

MURPHY

We've teamed up with a sex offender.

CONNOR

So, when are you getting a plastic fuck doll?

ROCCO

All right. I'm sorry. I'm pathetic.

He gets up and starts tossing money on her as the boys giggle. Just then two more bills come through the slots of the other two doors, which have remained closed. Murphy looks through left peep hole, Connor the right. Smiles spread across their faces and they look at each other. They switch and each looks through the other guy's peep hole.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

CONNOR

This place is like a scumbag yard sale.

MURPHY

We gotta come down here once a week and clean house.

Rocco looks in one. He says "Oh, wow" as he crosses and checks out the other one.

ROCCO

You sure about this guy?

The boys look at each other affirmatively.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Oh man. You gotta let me do these guys. I'm such a moron. I gotta make up for the tit thing.

CONNOR

No way. I've been waitin' for this asshole.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO

Aw, c'mon. I gotta clear my family name here. I've brought shame to the house of Della Rocco.

MURPHY

Give the guy a shot.

CONNOR

(Thinks it over)

Rocco, this is the real deal. We must kill without hesitation, without guilt or remorse. Evil man, dead man.

Rocco gets serious and nods his head. Connor replaces the clip in his gun and hands it to Rocco. Murphy does the same. He stands with one in each hand, aiming one gun at each door. The boys both place a finger on the appropriate orange buttons, as Rocco slowly cocks his head back. With wide eyes he thrusts his head forward. The doors fly up. Rocco fires both guns yelling "Yeah, take it, take it!" Both the drug dealer from outside and the pimp from the emergency room are destroyed. Rocco then crosses his arms and fires two more shots from each gun. On the opposing walls of each booth two identical bullet holes appear.

ROCCO

Wyatt-fuckin'-Earp, man!

101 INT. SIN BIN - JUST OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Rocco shuts the door.

ROCCO

You guys gotta teach me that prayer, man. That's some good shit.

CONNOR

Forget it. It's a family prayer. My father, his father before him that sort of shit.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

C'mon!

102 INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

An old man appears to look at himself in the mirror of an empty but very upper class bathroom. His eyes are very glazed over. He puts a large leather case on the counter near the sinks. A red and white blind stick hangs off his right forearm.

Yakavetta enters, crosses behind him and stands next to him. AUGUSTUS (72 years) sniffs the air. A look of angry realization overtakes his face.

AUGUSTUS

Fuck you.

YAKAVETTA

Hey, Augustus, I need your help, I got a serious problem here. I'm not screwing around.

AUGUSTUS

I bounced you on my knee at family reunions, for Christ sakes. Your dad and me ran the whole east coast syndicate you snot-nosed little prick. And when you took the wheel, who was beside you?

Augustus begins to remove items from his suitcase. First a plate. He sets it down next to the sink. Then assorted colognes, cigarettes and chewing gum. He begins arranging them in neat rows, always feeling with his guiding hands.

YAKAVETTA

Hey, I just...

AUGUSTUS

Don't start with your shit. Don't you talk to me. Oh, hey Uncle Gussy, thanks for years of service. Here's a gold watch and a job sniffing other guys' shit eight hours a day. What am I, a retired bus driver?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

YAKAVETTA

I need Il Duce.

AUGUSTUS

The Duke? (beat) What did you do?

YAKAVETTA

This kid, this package boy could bring down the whole east coast. If he decides to turn states he could dismantle us... totally. But it looks like for now, he's content with just killing us one by one. And even worse the kid is good at it. I mean I had a prodigy on my hands the whole time and didn't even know it.

Yakavetta puts an envelope of money in the plate.

AUGUSTUS

Listen kid, I think you better understand who you're dealing with here.

YAKAVETTA

Yeah. I was only twelve or thirteen when you guys used to talk about him, like he was a ghost or something.

AUGUSTUS

Your dad and I used him three times over twenty years, only when everything went totally fucked. Believe me kid, you don't want this guy unless you are 100% sure you need him. He is... a fuckin' monster.

103 INT. PRISON PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

This is a gigantic three tiered room with guards on all tiers. They all cock their shotguns.

A PRISONER is shackled barefoot to a small metal cart on wheels. His hands are cuffed before him with a chain linking his hands and feet. A guard is pulling the cart through the prison to the parole board room by a long chain. The cons have their mirrors out to get a better look. His face is in shadow as he bows his head.

A metal cage is lowered around him from the ceiling. The parole board looks him over. A stenographer sits poised

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

MR. COBB
(English accent)
Do you feel you have been
rehabilitated?

No response is given by the prisoner. The stenographer looks at MR. COBB who gives her the nod. She begins typing though no words are spoken.

104 INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS

I've had this guy in front of me,
and I couldn't tell you what he looks
like, sounds like. He is the Picasso
of assassins, kid. He plants hair
samples, blood. Puts skin under
fingernails. He is a fucking genius.
Only one problem. He's been rotting
in prison for twenty-five or thirty
years. Don't even know if he's still
alive. Or if he's even up to it.

Augustus hands him a piece of paper he scribbled on.

YAKAVETTA

There's ways around that.

AUGUSTUS

Go find one.

105 INT. PAROLE PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

A large piece of paper is placed on the table and stamped
with the words parole granted across it.

106 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOSTON - DAY

The prisoner, Il Duce enters. He is clad in a long dark
trench coat with the collar pulled up, dark round glasses
and a dark hat. He puts a suitcase on the bed.

He walks over to the window. He slowly puts his hand outside
and watches the sun bounce off it. Tears begin to flow from
beneath his glasses as he breaks down. He begins to take
off his clothes as he weeps, casting them aside.

107 EXT. HOTEL ROOM FIRE ESCAPE - BACK ALLEY - DUSK

The Duke is fully naked, except for a hotel blanket which is
wrapped around his waist, sitting on the fire escape. He
smiles and is still misty-eyed as he beholds the sun setting.
Scattered around him are all the furnishings of freedom;
Snickers bars, all kinds of empty candy wrappers, Coke cans,
and many assorted magazines.

108 INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT - 2:00 A.M.

Rocco and the brothers sit in an old Boston coffee house.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

Let's talk some business here. I
know a sick fuck...makes the ones we
been doing look like altar boys.
Worst night of my life when I met
this guy.

109 FLASHBACK EXT. - SUBURBAN BEAVER CLEAVER-TYPE HOUSE - DUSK

Rocco waits in a late model Chevelle in front of a white house. A man exits the house and walks across the sprawling front lawn. Rocco leans over and says How ya doin', man? The man doesn't respond and sits in the passenger seat.

During the following scenes we FLASHCUT between bits of Rocco's experience that night to the coffee house and catch bits of dialogue as he explains.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

The guy never says a fuckin' word to me. We're driving for 25 minutes. Never a sigh, no throat clearing, nothing. And his face, blank man. Just nothing there.

110 EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

FLASHCUT: They pull up to a house in a scummy, Boston Logan Airport neighborhood. Rocco gets out and sits on the hood smoking as the man makes his way up the walk.

111 INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - CONTINUED

Two tough looking wiseguys walk across a hallway cocking shotguns. They disappear into a room.

FLASHCUT : He quietly enters the house and pulls a large bright-blue plastic tarp from his coat and spreads it across the floor in the hallway. We hear the sound of Sega video games being played. He pulls out two pistols with silencers and walk.

He disappears into the living room. Two white flashes and the sounds of silencers. A hookerish looking mom enters frame in the B.G. in the kitchen. She is talking on the phone. She disappears from view. The man reappears and walks to the kitchen. A white flash and the sounds of silencer.

He walks right down the hall and halts right in front of us and listens. He goes into the room the wiseguys had entered. We hear a second of male voices in protest. Two flashes of light and the sounds of silencers. A dog is heard barking. The man reappears in the hall and walks to its end, through the kitchen. He opens a pair of sliding doors and steps out of our view. A flash of white light and the sound of a silencer.

112 OMITTED

113 OMITTED

114 OMITTED

115 EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Rocco is out front listening as the barks abruptly cease.

116 INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

FLASHCUT : The man drags a dead dog across the kitchen floor,
leaving a streak of blood. FLASHCUT : He drags the bodies
of two kids, two men and the woman down the hall toward us
leaving the hall carpet streaked with blood.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

ROCCO

I didn't see what he was doing while
he was in there.

FLASHCUT : The man pulls out a large hunting knife and disappears into each room. The sounds of hacking are heard. He reappears holding different pieces of bloody debris. A telephone, a piece of carpet, pieces of drywall. He takes a mop and cleans off the blood on the linoleum of the kitchen floor. He walks toward us and stabs the mop in right before camera. It stays standing.

FLASHCUT : We see from his p.o.v. a pile of broken bodies. bloody debris and a dead dog with a mop sticking out the top.

117 EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

FLASHCUT : The man steps outside and motions Rocco in.

118 FLASHBACK EXT. - BACK FACTORY LOT - NIGHT

Rocco's face is now expressionless as the two load the last body in the furnace and toss the dog in, unloading from Rocco's trunk. They shut the furnace door and there is just the low hum of a furnace and the light wind blowing.

THE MAN

I have a poker game at the house
every Saturday with a couple of guys
you know. Why don't you come down?
Wife makes a hell of a bar-g-que.

ROCCO

(pause) Yeah...yeah, I'd like that.
Tell me something. What did they
do?

THE MAN

I don't know.

119 BACK TO PRESENT INT. - COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rocco is looking down in silence.

ROCCO

Worst day of my life, man.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

MURPHY (PAUSE)

Well, I'm sold.

CONNOR

Don't worry, Roc. We'll do this guy right and you'll feel a lot better.

120 INT. ROCCO'S MOM'S KITCHEN - NEXT DAY - 1:00 P.M.

The three burst in, all yelling at each other. They are all bleeding profusely from gun shot wounds. Connor turns on the gas stove and slams a new clothing iron down on the burner. He has wrapped the cord around the handle so it won't burn. They have all ripped their clothes haphazardly and have made tourniquets to nurse their wounds.

CONNOR

Who the fuck was he, Rocco? I know you fuckin' know!

ROCCO

Fuck you! I told you I never saw him before!

MURPHY

Well he sure as fuck knew you!

ROCCO

Fuck you both! Ya ask me, he was aiming at you!

The scene fades into total silence as they viciously argue. They then take turns hold each other down as they cauterize their wounds with the hot iron. Two guys will hold a third down and force a wadded up pillow case in his mouth, as they burn him

121 EXT. BOSTON SUBURBAN BEAVER-CLEAVER TYPE HOUSE - SAME DAY - 5:00 P.M.

Smecker sits on the balls of his fee on a sprawling front lawn. He looks out to the street and sees a forensics technician kneeling before a new, gray Ford Taurus riddled with bullet holes. The man marks a sea of different-sized bullet casings that stretch for thirty-five feet down the sidewalk. He circles two blood stains on the side walk with orange chalk.

Smecker turns and looks at the front of the house. It is peppered with bullet holes, all seemingly concentrated on

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

the front stoop area. Men try to lift blood samples off the white paint around the door. He stands and Dolly, Duffy and Greenly are ready with pens and notebooks behind him.

SMECKER

Okay. Here's what happened.

122 FLASHBACK INT. - PARKED FAMILY VAN - SAME DAY - NOON

Connor, Murphy and Rocco sit in a parked van, down the street from the Beaver Cleaver house. The three are sitting next to each other in the longer back seat. They have a counter in front of them with all their guns and accessories on it. The clicking of bullets into clips, and smacking of clips into guns are heard. Smecker sits in the captain's chair directly across from them, calmly smoking a cigarette. They finish their preparation. Rocco holds up his guns.

SMECKER

They waited in a parked car down the street for the kid to leave.

Murphy spies a young boy peddling his bike out of the driveway. He goes to the front of the van.

MURPHY

There he goes. (turns back to them, pulls his guns) Okay, gentlemen. Are we ready to bring this man into the light? Are we ready to truly do the work of the Lord?

CONNOR

A-fuckin'-men! (cocks his pistol)

ROCCO

This is so fuckin' cool!

123 EXT. SUBURBAN BEAVER CLEAVER TYPE HOUSE - DAY

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco make a frenzied exit from the van and walk across the front lawn, each carrying a black duffle bag and clutching a mask. The garage is opened a crack. They pull it up all the way. The sun shines in on Smecker who stands there smoking.

124 INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

They enter and close the door behind them

SMECKER

They went in through the garage.
The kid says he leaves it open when
he takes his bike out.

They dive into their bags and suit up with leather gloves,
masks, navy P-coats and their guns.

125 INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - DAY

The three open the door and enter the house and walk
deliberately down the hallway.

SMECKER (V.O.)

Now, they know the wife is the gate
keeper. She knows the code.

126 OMITTED

127 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

They walk with the terrified woman around the pool to a steel
door pool house entrance. There is a number pad next to the
door. Rocco positions her in front of it.

ROCCO

Don't fuck with me lady. I'll kill
you.

She slowly punches in the numbers. Smecker is standing there
smoking.

SMECKER

The wife says she doesn't know what
happened after she hit the code.
She just remembers going down. But,
judging by the burn mark on her back,
I think what they did...

Rocco pulls a stun gun and zaps her with it. She goes down.

127 CONTINUED:

SMECKER (CONT'D)

...was use a stun gun on her.

Connor reaches for the knob but Rocco stops him. They wait, guns drawn and focus on the door knob.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Now the guy knows a fried is coming to the game. And they know that this door can only be opened from the inside. So they wait... and when that door opens, man...

The knob turns and they kick it in.

128 OMITTED

129 INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

They burst in and line up shoulder to shoulder, guns aimed. Smecker stands beside Rocco with his thumb and forefinger extended to mimic guns. Five mafiosos sit around a poker table in front of time. Two men are playing pool to their left. Rocco quickly scans the room.

ROCCO

All of them.

They begin firing. Men are dying, their chests exploding. Smecker moves his hands like firing guns and yells over the noise.

SMECKER

Nobody was ready for it. Devastation, panic! This was like shooting fish in a fuckin' barrel!

Smecker points to the pool table as the two players dive under it.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Now these guys dove under the table. The trajectory on the bullets show they cam from straight across. So this means one of our shooters... dropped to his knees...

Smecker drops to his knees in perfect synchronicity with Rocco. They are side by side and leaning back.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

Rocco fires and the men under the table skip around as they are riddled with bullets. Smecker's mimicking hands follow him perfectly with each shot. The boys and Rocco demask. Rocco goes around to all the bodies and looks earnestly at each one, as Connor and Murphy pick up bullet casings.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO

Shit!...Shit! He ain't here.

MURPHY

What the fuck do you mean?

ROCCO

I mean he ain't here.

CONNOR

Look again for fuck sake!

ROCCO

I know what the fuck he looks like!

SMECKER

Something went wrong. Right here.

130 INT. POOLHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The man they came for gets off the toilet and pulls up his pants. He is expressionless. He pulls a towel rack from the wall.

131 INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

The door behind Rocco begins to open outward. As the door swings open, Rocco tries to angle a gun around to shoot the man who is opening it. But as soon as the man sees his hand, bam! he comes down on it with the towel rack. Rocco pulls back in pain dropping his other gun but the gun fires, as the man's blow connects. The shot pierces his stomach and sends him against the wall. He holds his abdomen in pain.

There is a moment of recognition between the man and Rocco. Rocco is terrified as the man dives on him and they begin fighting. Murphy jumps to help, but Connor pulls him back. They both stand in front of the pool table about thirty feet from Rocco.

CONNOR

Let the boy go!

He is now being choked, as he glares at them in disbelief.

MURPHY

C'mon Roc!

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

SMECKER

Now, one of these guys is a real sicko. He knew this man. He wanted him to suffer, to feel every second of a painful death.

As Rocco is wrestling and punching on the floor. He looks up.

ROCCO

Help me you assholes! (they continue to cheer) He's gonna fuckin' kill me!

(he fights harder)

SMECKER

This guy is one bad motherfucker.

ROCCO

I don't wanna die!!!!

Murphy is aching to help but Connor is more steady. A man who has been shot starts to regain consciousness. Connor turns his back to shoot him (slo-mo). Murphy sees his opportunity, pulls the cue ball from the table, and rolls it silently across the carpet toward Rocco.

Connor fires with his left hand and as the casing ejects from the gun he catches it in mid air and makes the sign of the cross. Rocco is on his back, the man is straddling him. They both have each others throats and are trying to strangle one another. When the ball is within arms reach, Rocco slams his hand down on it and knocks his assailant in the skull. He straddles him and begins to mercilessly beat his face in with the cue ball, yelling "You sick fuck!"

He finally stops, gets up, runs toward the boys, and throws an exhausted punch at Connor who just lays Roc down on the pool table and says, "Nicely done, boy". Murphy tends to Roc. Connor checks out the man and seems surprised.

Murphy takes the bloody cue ball from Rocco's hand and polishes it off on his jacket, making sure Connor cannot see. He replaces it perfectly on the table. Smecker now stands in front of the table with the cue shining in the background.

SMECKER

I've never seen wounds like these before, but whatever he used on this guy, it was a blunt object and they took it with them.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

Smecker exits to the left as Greenly enters from the right, following Smecker out. He walks by the table furiously scribbling in his notebook. Connor, Murphy and Rocco exit the room, pennies in the eyes of all the corpses in the background. Rocco holds two duffle bags full of poker money. Greenly stops, picks up the cue ball and looks at the dead man. He shakes his head and says, "Nah".

132 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY.

Smecker stands in the middle of the front lawn. His hair is a mess. He's chain-smoking. His clothes are disheveled. His eyes are psychotic. He points to the parked Taurus as six men in dark suits appear in a fuzzy, out-of-focus shot. They line up shoulder to shoulder on the sidewalk.

SMECKER

They exited out the front door.
And they had no fucking idea what
they were in for.

133 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Rocco, Connor and Murphy walk toward the front door.

134 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY

(Slo-mo) Two black leather boots slowly walk up the sidewalk and stop in front of the new, gray Ford Taurus then turn toward the house. Il Duce removes a white balloon filled with a few ounces of fluid from the pocket of his black trench coat. He throws it on the walk, the blood splatters. He picks up the remnants of the balloon and puts them back in his pocket and stands there waiting, looking at the house.

135 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - DAY

The boys come out, Rocco in the middle and slightly ahead of them. They look out to the walk, stunned.

SMECKER

Now they are staring at six guys
with guns drawn. It was a fucking
ambush.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

Our three heroes stand, their jaws dropping as their point of view reveals the Il Duce, standing alone, his hands folded in front of him.

Suddenly, he throws open his trench coat to reveal a special leather vest beneath. Six guns, all different, are holstered on the front of it: three on each side extend from just below his collar bones to his abdomen. Connor and Murphy don't hesitate. They each draw one of their now unsilenced guns from their shoulder holsters and aim, one arm over each of Rocco's shoulders. The Duke draws his top two weapons and aims.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

And this was a fucking bomb dropping
in Beaver Cleaverville! For a few
seconds this place was Armageddon!
There was a fire fight!

They all start shooting at once. The noise is deafening. The Taurus is being pierced and the front of the house is splintering as it is riddled with bullets. Smecker is still in the middle, hands raised to the heavens, turning circles. Rocco's pinky finger gets shot off, sending blood splattering against the house. He dives in the bushes reeling. He pulls a gun and starts firing.

Murphy catches a bullet in the arm and dives for the bushes as well. Il Duce with lightening speed, drops the guns and pulls the next two down as he walks to his right about ten feet. He commences firing and the casings hit the sidewalk, all different calibers and sizes are dropping down the walk.

It's him and Connor and nobody is backing down. They both grind their teeth as they fire rapidly at each other. At the same moment, The Duke gets hit in the arm and Connor takes a bullet in the leg. The firing ceases for a moment. Connor remains steady and Il Duce looks down at his arm and his own blood splattered on the sidewalk.

Il DUCE

No!...No! No!...

He drops the guns and pulls the last two as he moves to the right. He fires with wrath as he screams the word No over and over. Rocco and Murphy return fire from the bushes yelling and swearing, as Connor does the same from his position on the stoop.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

The Duke turns and runs, leaving a sea of casings, and guns that extend for 35 feet down the walk. There are also two blood stains.

In a frenzy the boys and Rocco get up and withdraw some spray bottles from their bags. They begin spraying all their own blood stains on the stoop and the front of the white house. They then pick up their things and run off.

136 EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Smecker comes back to reality and lights a cigarette in front of Dolly, Duffy, and Greenly.

GREENLY

What if it was just one guy with six guns?

SMECKER

Why don't you let me do the thinking, huh, genius?

He turns to the forensics guys at the front of the house and begins to walk over to him.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

What is taking so long with those blood samples?

FORENSICS WOMAN #1

I can't get a good sample. There is variable here I'm not seeing.

Smecker puts his finger through a big blood stain on the door and smells it.

SMECKER

(In shock, and rage)

They used ammonia...none of this shit is any good...Fuck... You know what this means?! Even if we get suspects in this case, we got nothing ... Nothing!

He starts kicking the bushes and trying to tear them with his hands as he rages. The police and forensics all back off.

SMECKER (SCREAMING)

Who the fuck are they?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

SMECKER (SCREAMING) (CONT'D)

I've never seen any-fucking-thing
like this in my whole fucking life.
Who the fuck are they?!!

He backs against the building and slides down to a sitting position in the bushes as if he has given up. He raises his head and there he sees Rocco's pinky finger lying undiscovered in the bushes. He pulls a small plastic bag from his pocket and scoops it up. He shoves it back into his pocket and races off.

DUFFY

What? That's it?!

137 INT. ROCCO'S MOM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rocco, Connor, and Murphy are sitting around the table. They are numb with pain and silently sipping beers. Suddenly, Smecker comes on the news making an announcement that he is heading up the investigation to find the three of them. Rocco shuts it off.

CONNOR

Shit.

ROCCO

What? (points to TV)
What, that guy?

MURPHY

That's the guy that got us off the
hook with the "Checkov" thing.

CONNOR

And he is one smart man.

ROCCO

They got nothing.

CONNOR

This guy is very sharp. If he hasn't
figured us out yet, he will.

MURPHY

You bet your ass he will.

ROCCO

Well, I'd say that makes him a lia-
fuckin-bility.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

The boys look at each other.

CONNOR

He isn't to be touched.

MURPHY

He's a good man.

ROCCO

Okay... whatever.

(Looking at the bloody
mess)

My Mom's gonna kill me.

138 INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Smecker is sitting at a computer terminal. He has just hooked into the F.B.I.'s computer network with his authorization code. He is disgusted as he puts on surgical gloves and finger prints the severed finger onto a scanner. He waits for a moment. Rocco's face and rap sheet come up on his screen. He is in disbelief.

SMECKER

No. This is all wrong. David Della
Rocco?

139 FLASHBACK EXT. - POLICE STATION FRONT STEPS

Rocco on the steps of the police station when Rocco brought the boys their clothes.

140 BACK TO PRESENT INT. - SMECKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He picks up the phone.

MARIA (V.O.)

Boston Police Department.

SMECKER

Yeah. Maria, this is Smecker.
Could you find me the visitor's list
for the day the MacManus brothers
were in and read me all the names?

She reads a few names then hits David Della Rocco.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Okay, thank you.

He hangs up, puts in a smoke, and knocks his head back in deep thought.

141 INT. GAY BAR - NIGHT

Smecker is drinking like a fiend. He is disturbed and rowdy. He's a bad drunk. He downs a shot and motions for another one. The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

You've had quite a bit, Paul.
Are you sure you ...

SMECKER

Pour the drink, faggot-ass!

He obeys. A good looking gay man comes up and whispers in Smecker's ear and points to the back room.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Okay ... But I don't cuddle.

They proceed to the back. Smecker is stumbling.

141A EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco pulls Vincenzo's car to the curb and the MacManus' exit.

ROCCO

Hey! We gotta talk about this early morning church shit.

MURPHY

We have to go now.
(giggles)
We're on the lamb.

142 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE GAY BAR - EARLY MORNING

Smecker staggers out of the bar. He is an absolute wreck. Rocco exits a package store just down the street. He is opening a new pack of cigarettes. He is surprised when he sees Smecker at the other end of the block. He follows the stumbling agent, fumbling for his gun.

142A EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Paul sees a church and reflects for a moment before crossing the street and going in, Rocco a safe distance behind.

143 INT. CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Connor and Murphy are at prayer in the back of the church. It is mostly empty because of the early hour.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

Connor looks up and sees Smecker and Rocco way up in the front. His eyes are ablaze. He is up and walking and does not bother Murphy, who remains penitent. There are two confessional booths with a priest booth in the middle.

Smecker goes in the booth on the far left. Rocco tries the door, it's locked. A middle-aged PRIEST slips a key in the priests booth and opens the door. Rocco shoves him in and goes in behind him. Connor has quickened his pace. He tries both doors. They're locked. He goes into the confessional on the right.

144 INT. CHURCH - PRIEST'S BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco puts his gun to the priest's head.

ROCCO

You gonna do what I say, got it?

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

PRIEST

Yes.

ROCCO

I'm sorry you're gonna hafta see
this. Don't look at me!

PRIEST

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't see.

ROCCO

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

145 INT. CHURCH - CONNOR'S CONFESSIONAL - EARLY MORNING

Connor is furiously working his fingers through the lattice
work to open the slider to the priest's booth from his side.

146 INT. CHURCH - PRIEST'S BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco takes the priest and puts his face in front of the
slider to Smecker's booth, gun to the back of his head.

PRIEST

Don't do this my son.

ROCCO

Open it!

PRIEST

Have you no fear of God?

ROCCO

That's who I'm doing this for, now
open the fuckin' thing.

Connor gets the slider open. Rocco's long hair hangs just
inches from Connor's face. Connor puts his thumb and
forefinger through, desperately reaching for a lock of Rocco's
hair. Rocco jostles the priest and puts the gun hard to his
head.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Father, I'll do you right here.

PRIEST

(Slowly obey,
whispering)

God have mercy on my soul.

Rocco starts to move the priest aside and put his gun to
Smecker's now open slider.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

Just then Connor snags a piece of Rocco's hair and pulls him back hard and fast by it, until his head slams into the lattice work. Rocco grabs the priest back into position. Connor grabs a nice wad of Rocco's hair with his left hand, so that the side of Rocco's face is now pressed to the lattice. Connor then puts a gun to Rocco's head.

CONNOR

(Hard whisper)

You little fuck. Let him go. I'll drop you right here.

ROCCO

Okay, just calm down. He could hurt us, brother. He could ruin the whole thing.

CONNOR

Let him go or I will deliver you, right now. (pulls hammer back)

ROCCO

You won't do it Connor, you won't. You love me man.

147 INT. CURCH CONFSSIONAL BOOTHS - EARLY MORNING

Smecker wakes up from a drunken stupor. He looks through the slider window at the barely discernible face of the now crying priest.

SMECKER

(Slurred, loud)

Hello? You there?

PRIEST

Y-Yes my son.

ROCCO

(Whispers)

Do your thing Father. Don't fuck this up.

PRIEST

(Whispering to Rocco)

What do you want me to say?

ROCCO

Just be natural, goddamit.

PRIEST

How long since your last confession, my son?

(CONTINUED)

SMECKER

Oh, Christ, uh, I've never confessed.

The priest can hear Connor and Rocco whisper, but Smecker cannot.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

According to the dogma of the Catholic church, I should probably burst into flames right here in this booth. But I've come here for advice, not salvation.

Connor and Rocco stop and listen now.

PRIEST

Why have you come to a church for council if you're not religious?

SMECKER

(Ponderous)

Why have I come to a church? I never have before. I guess I just ... felt I should.

PRIEST

What is it my son?

SMECKER

It's ethics. I put evil men behind bars, but the law has miles of red tape and loopholes for these... cocksuckers to slip through. I've found out there are these two young men who fix the situation with an iron fist. As if they have God's permission. But what they do is wrong and I should arrest them... technically.

PRIEST

God's permission? God doesn't...

Rocco shakes the priest.

SMECKER

But in this day and age I believe what they do is ... necessary. I feel it is ... correct.

PRIEST

You believe?

(CONTINUED)

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

You feel?

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

You feel?

PRIEST

A soul is what gives you feelings. Happiness, guilt, right or wrong. It is a conduit through which the Lord speaks to us. You felt that your answers would be here in the house of God today. You feel these men are necessary. The Lord has spoken to you twice this day.

Rocco and Connor show their individual looks of surprise.

SMECKER

(Sarcastically)

Has he now?

PRIEST

You have entered the house of the Lord of your own free will speaking of beliefs and feelings. Is it so much to believe that God has brought you here?

SMECKER

I guess not.

PRIEST

It is easy to be sarcastic about religion. It is harder to take small hints from God, your feelings and listen to them ... to take a stand.

The look of surprise on Rocco and Connor's faces show that the priest is doing a hell of a job.

SMECKER

You're right.

PRIEST

Those who do not act are in a constant state of ethical indecision.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (3)

SMECKER

I want to stand for what I believe
in, father.

PRIEST

Then you must find out what your
beliefs are.

SMECKER

I believe these young men are right.

PRIEST

You know them personally?

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

Do you think they would harm an
innocent man, for any reason?

SMECKER

No. They would never do that.

The priest starts to show signs of anger as he starts turning
to Rocco.

SMECKER (CONT'D)

Well, the two Irish guys wouldn't.
But the Italian guy, he might. He's
kind of an idiot.

Fear returns to the priests face. Rocco presses the gun
hard to the priests head and jostles him.

ROCCO

(Whispers to priest)

Goddam right, I am.

SMECKER

I'm beginning to see. I've been
doing my job ... well for fifteen years
and it's just not enough. All the
things I wish I could do, these guys
are doing. Millions of dollars in
tax payers' money wasted on shit
like wire taps and surveillance.
Theses boys go in and take care of it
for the price of a bullet. (looks
up) W-What do you think I should do?
Because I'm a law man.

Rocco jostles the priest again.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (4)

PRIEST

The laws of God are higher than the laws of man.

SMECKER

(the clouds have lifted)

Yes! Yes! I was thinking that, too. No. I was feeling it. All I needed was to hear you say it! Amen! I'll help them.

PRIEST

(Whispers)

Forgive me father.

SMECKER

Thank you, Father, thank you.
(he attempts the sign of the cross but screws it up)
Whatever. Goodbye, amen.

Smecker exits and they all let go after a brief pause. Rocco turns and starts fixing up the priest's ruffled suit.

ROCCO

I wouldn't have, uh, killed you, Father. (signs cross) Dominus Ominus. Remember, you're bound. You can't talk about this ... to anyone.

PRIEST

Just go!

148 INT. CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco exits the booth and shuts the door behind him. Connor is standing outside, hands on his hips. Rocco smiles at him as Connor fumes.

ROCCO

(Giggling)

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Connor slaps him in the back of the head and kicks him in the ass. Rocco's still giggling as they exit.

149 INT. PHONE BOOTH - UPTOWN - LATER

SMECKER

That's all you can give me?

150 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

We shoot alternating coverage between the two locations.

CONNOR

Well, the light caught the side of his face for a second. And it looked like he had a gray beard, maybe ... late fifties, early sixties.

SMECKER

So you're telling me it was one guy with six guns? A-and he was a senior fucking citizen?

CONNOR

I think it's better if we find this man before he finds us again.

SMECKER

I'll see what I can do. How do I get in touch with you?

CONNOR

We're going to hit Poppa Joe tonight, right in the comfort of his own home. Then we move on to New York. It's getting a bit hot for us here.

SMECKER

Be careful.

CONNOR

I'll call you tonight, afterwards.
(hangs up)

151 INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Smecker stands beside Augustus, just the way Yakavetta did.

AUGUSTUS

I don't know who he is. Nobody does.

Smecker tosses an envelope of cash in his plate, just as Yakavetta did.

151 CONTINUED:

SMECKER

What did he bring him in for?

AUGUSTUS

Needed an outsider. The package boy knows everyone. He'd spot our hitters a mile away.

SMECKER

Just for him?

AUGUSTUS

Well he's the one shooting up all his guys, right? He's scared of the kid. Says he's real good, got every available gun in the city up there.

SMECKER

Up where?

AUGUSTUS

Up his house. I don't know what's going on but I know it's gotta have something to do with this kid.

SMECKER

Oh fuck! (runs out)

152 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

There are several bodies in the hall, some with pennies in their eyes, some without. Down the dark basement halls there is more gore. The boys and Rocco can be heard screaming from a room in the basement. Yakavetta's voice is heard yelling and in command.

153 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco are all hand cuffed to chairs in the seated position. Their clothes are ripped and they have been beaten severely. Blood covers them. Rocco has been uncuffed and two men hold his open hand up as Yakavetta puts a pistol at the base of his remaining pinky finger. Several other hold him down as he and the boys scream in tough protest.

YAKAVETTA

(Yelling)

You gonna tell me what's going on here?! Huh! You little fuck! Gimme some answers!

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

They all yell for him to fuck off. Although Rocco is terrified, he is holding out. Yakavetta fires and Rocco's finger is gone. The blood splatters on Connor's face. Rocco screams in pain saying fuck you through his sobs. After re-cuffing Rocco, Yakavetta and his goons exit.

154 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

Yakavetta is in the hall with four men. GENO (35 yrs.) very big. CHAPPY (22 yrs.) wears sunglasses even in the dark, trying to look cool. HOJO (28 yrs.) is slick and good-looking. Another Mafioso cohort is with them as well.

YAKAVETTA

What do you guys think?

GENO

They're tough. No way they're gonna talk.

HOJO

I know Rocco. He ain't smart enough for this shit. These other guys are the brains. He's just a player.

YAKAVETTA

There's only one way to get them to talk.

155 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

He walks back into the room. He saunters up to Rocco very nonchalantly and shoots him in the chest. His chair is blown back to the floor. The boys are screaming and crying as Yakavetta walks out.

ROCCO (STRUGGLES TO TALK)

You guys?

CONNOR (CRYING)

We're here brother.

ROCCO

You gotta keep going.

MURPHY (SOBBING)

We'll keep going, Roc.

ROCCO

You'll make it outta here. You can't ever stop, not ever.

(CONTINUED)

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115 CONTINUED:

As Rocco dies, they fall into prayer.

156 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

Yakavetta lights up a cigar and talks to his men.

CHAPPY

Once you set him in motion, you can't
call him off. He thinks it's still
on.

Yakavetta stops as if terrified with a thought.

YAKAVETTA

Oh Jesus Christ!

HOJO

What? I...

YAKAVETTA

Hey, I don't have my name spray
painted on the front of this house.
There are no big pictures of me
anywhere. If this guy thinks the
job is still a go then I got green
money says the mother fucker's out
in the bushes already. I'm fucking
gone! I'm leaving you guys to deal
with this.

The four guys are left alone. They all look far from
confident except for Geno.

GENO

One fucking guy, so what.

HOJO

Why don't you take the front. (points)
You guys cover those other exits and
if you see him, don't flag him down,
just kill the mother fucker. I'm
going back down to work on these
pricks.

157 OMITTED

158 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy has scootched his chair in front of Connor's. He has
his back to Connor.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

He stretches his neck over and bites at the collar of his p-coat. He gathers as much of the material in his mouth as he can. He starts to yell, "Do it!" but it is muffled.

Connor, still sobbing, begins to kick his brother's left hand repeatedly. He turns it into a bloody piece of broken meat as Murphy screams through the shirt. Finally, it is broken enough and Murphy pulls it through the cuff.

He stands and breaks the chair into pieces and grabs the sharpest piece. Hojo enters and Murphy shoves the sharp stick up through the bottom of his chin into his head. He drags him around the room yelling mumbo jumbo into his face as Connor jumps up and down in his chair in rage, wanting a piece of the action.

Murphy throws the man down and Connor proceeds to viciously kick his dead body. The two have turned into barbarians. Murphy removes the man's two guns, shiny nickel-plated 45s.

159 INT. YAKAVETTA'S FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

There is a knock at the door. Geno jumps with fright and then looks out the peep hole. He sees a well-formed pair of woman's breasts in a cheap dress. He opens the door. A stunning blonde stands before him. She looks like a hooker. She wears a short, hot pink dress and a white scarf around her neck, as well as six inch platform heels.

SMECKER AS WOMAN

Joey Bevo sent me over. As
entertainment.

The woman speaks and it is apparent that this is actually Smecker in drag.

GENO

Listen baby. Tonight ain't the night
for this shit. (beat) Bevo's so
great. Always sending us hot girls.

SMECKER

You look like you could use a quickie.

Smecker kisses him full on the lips and rubs up against him. Geno is convinced. He brings her inside.

GENO

Hey, Chappy!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

CHAPPY

(Chappy, emerges way
down the hall)

What the fuck?

GENO

I ain't been laid in a week. Take
five minutes.

CHAPPY

If I die cause you're getting a piece
of ass, I'll come back and beat you
to death with a big rubber dick.

GENO

Don't worry about it.

160 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He takes Smecker into a small bathroom adjoining the foyer. They are instantly in the throws of passion. They grope each other and Smecker cleverly avoids any contact with his crotch. Smecker lies down on the floor and starts to wiggle and seductively touch himself. Geno stands over him, straddling Smecker's hips as he undoes his pants. Suddenly, Smecker grabs both of Geno's ankles and has him locked in position. He repeatedly kicks Geno in the balls from his lying position on the floor. The guy falls on his back unconscious. Smecker uses a silencer, shoots him in the head.

161 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

He starts to whisper, "It's on now. It's on now. Too far." as he walks down the hall, striding in his high heels, wig back in place. He thoughtlessly blows Chappy away as he passes his position and runs down a long hallway. He turns a corner and points his gun at the Mafioso cohort but pauses. He is already sitting with his throat cut. Smecker looks puzzled as Il Duce withdraws from the shadows behind him. The Duke pistol whips Smecker. He's out.

162 OMITTED

163 INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Connor and Murphy are on their knees in front of Rocco, whom they have sat back up in the chair. They are gently placing pennies in his eye and sobbing as they begin to recite the prayer. As they speak, Il Duce watches. He then begins to whisper the prayer right along with them. Their words match up perfectly. He leans against the wall, holsters his guns, and withdraws a cigarette.

He rolls it along his tongue and twists it into his lips. The boys are still reciting as he strikes a match. They react instantly. Still kneeling they each point a nickel-plated 45 toward The Duke. They turn in time to see the light from the match illuminate his face. Il Duce pauses then he strides into the room and proceeds to recite the last half of the prayer.

He stops between the kneeling boys and finishes off the prayer. The boys are stunned as they realize this is their father. He makes the sign of the cross over Rocco. Then he looks down to the upturned faces of his sons. He places a hand on each of their cheeks.

164 INT. CHEAP BOSTON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 3 MONTHS LATER

Both sleeping boys throw their arms out, mimicking a crucified Christ. Their father turns, sees this, turns back.

The boys wake with a start. Connor looks to his father, who is already staring at him.

CONNOR

How far are we going with this, Da?

FATHER

The questions is not, "how far?" The question is, "Do you possess the constitution, the depth of faith to go as far as is needed?"

165 OMITTED

THRU

166

167 OMITTED
THRU
168

169 INT. COURTHOUSE - BACK FOYER AREA - MORNING

Smecker opens the door from the inside and lets the MacManus father and sons in. He walks one way they walk the other through the grand courthouse halls.

170 OMITTED

171 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

The media, with their cameras and notebooks, are at the back of the courtroom. Yakavetta is testifying on the stand. He is cocky. The judge warns Yakavetta that he will have no more of this behavior in his courtroom.

MEDIA MAN 1 (WHISPERING TO #2)
Look at his charisma. He's the next
John Gotti.

MEDIA MAN 2
He'll walk. Even with all this
evidence.

MEDIA MAN 1
Look. (points to the left and right
sections of courtroom seating) All
Yakavetta's people are on the right.
All the families of the men he has
killed are on the left. Everyone
wants some justice.

MEDIA MAN 2
Look at him. He doesn't have a care
in the world. He's gonna walk.

172 INT. FOYER TO COURTROOM - DAY

The MacManusus stand in the foyer. There are a pair of doors that go to the outside hallway and a pair that go to the inside courtroom. There is an armed guard directly inside the courtroom, in front of the doors.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED

The door opens a crack and Connor waves the guard into the foyer and starts talking to him. Then dad zaps him with a stun gun. The guard is on the floor, incapacitated and drooling as the boys handcuff him.

Connor pulls out a length of chain and drapes it through the door handles that lead from the hall into the foyer. He locks them in with a padlock.

FATHER

How long do these put a man down
for?

MURPHY

Ten minutes.

The father zaps the incapacitated man a second time as he lay.

FATHER

Twenty is a bit better.

They suit up, Connor and Murphy in their usual masks and gloves, Dad is already in his usual dark hat and glasses.

The boys start for the courtroom door but dad gently holds them back. He takes a moment, then slowly removes his hat and glasses. His sons look at one another and then remove their masks. The three look into each others eyes for a moment.

173 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

Due to the lack of hard evidence
The three burst in, guns drawn, and are walking down the
aisle.

FATHER

All media to the back! Drop the
cameras! Drop 'em!

Terrified, they all obey. Connor and Murphy pull Yakavetta from the witness booth by his hair and place him on his knees just before the judge's bench. They face him toward the occupants of the courtroom. The father walks up and motions for the judge, who is now banging his gavel and shouting in protest, to come off the stand.

As soon as he is within arms reach, dad takes him by the collar and drags him down the aisle all the way to where the media stands in horror. He turns and walks back down the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

FATHER (LOUDLY)

You people have been chosen to reveal
our existence to the world. You
will witness what happens here today
and you will tell of it afterwards.
All eyes to the front.

YAKAVETTA (LOOKING TO HIS COMRADES)

Fuckin' do something!

The father keeps them covered. He passes the front, he looks
and sees a VIRGINAL-LOOKING WOMAN with her head down crying
into her hands. She is on the left side. He gently tilts
her chin forward, her eyes fixated on a faded blue butterfly
on the back of his hand.

FATHER (WHISPERS)

You must watch dear. It'll all be
over soon. (she obeys)

The father takes out a flask. He pours the booze on the
judges bench and set it ablaze. Fire alarms start to sound.
Connor and Murphy jump up on the lawyers' tables. Murphy on
the prosecution side, Connor on the defense. The father has
his sawed-off to the back of Yakavetta's head.

CONNOR (YELLING OVER THE ALARM)

Now, you will receive us.

MURPHY (YELLING OVER THE ALARM)

We do not ask for your poor or your
hungry.

CONNOR

We do not want your tired and sick.

MURPHY

It is your corrupt we claim.

CONNOR

It is your evil, who will be sought
by us.

MURPHY

With every breath we shall hunt them
down.

CONNOR

Each day we will spill their blood
till it rains down from the skies.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

MURPHY

Do not kill, do not rape, do not steal. These are principles which every man of every faith can embrace.

CONNOR

These are not polite suggestions. They are codes of behavior and those that ignore them will pay the dearest cost.

(points to Yakavetta)

MURPHY

There are varying degrees of evil. We urge you lesser forms of filth (pointing to Yakavetta's people) not to push the bounds and cross over into true corruption ... into our domain.

CONNOR

For if you do, there will come the day when you look behind you and see we three. And on that day you will reap it.

MURPHY

And we will send you to whatever God you wish.

Connor and Murphy jump off the table. They approach Yakavetta and stand on either side of their father. All three men hold guns to his head and recite the prayer. As they speak, the right side of the courtroom screams in protest. The left watches in wide-eyed terror, although some men encourage them to do it. The MacManus' read the prayer. They do not falter as the flames rage behind them.

Yakavetta, accepting his fate, closing his eyes. Peacefully, he does the sign of the cross. The all fire at once. The room explodes in confusion. The three exit the back.

174 INT. LONG CEMENT HALLWAY - SUBLEVEL OF COURTHOUSE

The MacManuses are all shackled and in blue jumpsuits of the Boston lock-up facility with bags over their heads. Duffy is in full uniform with a shotgun behind them. Smecker is leading the prisoners down the hall. He flashes his F.B.I. identification to every cop he encounters.

175 INT. COURTHOUSE INSIDE GRANDE FOYER STEPS - DAY

The media is in a frenzy. Little bits of the story are known. The people from the left and right sides of the courtroom are yelling and pushing each other as cameras and microphones try to pick up the news. Finally all the focus comes to the virginal woman who had been sitting in the front row. All lights, cameras and microphones are on her.

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)

Yes! Were you in the courtroom miss?
Did you see?

WOMAN (FRAIL)

Yes. I was there.

REPORTER (V.O.)

How do you feel about what they did?

(Slo-mo) She sees at the grande hall's end Smecker leading the three out, bags still over their heads. She sees Dad's butterfly tattoo. She knows.

WOMAN

I guess we all know what is right
and wrong. We all know. Nobody
needs to be convinced of what he
was ... I'm going home now to have my
first real full night's sleep.

The people who had been on Yakavetta's side of the courtroom threaten her and force their way through the crowd toward her, thus causing the two sides to fight. Everyone, even reporters are in it. The camera tilts up ending on the statue of the Blind Lady of Justice. Fade out.